

THE DIAL

A Fortnightly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

VOL. LXII. JUNE 14, 1917. No. 744.

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CASUAL COMMENT

SOME CHANGES LIKELY TO BE WROUGHT IN ENGLISH EDUCATION BY THE GREAT WAR are foreshadowed by Gilbert Murray in the "Educational Review." Continental boys and girls, he says, work a great deal harder than English ones and demand less amusement. Pleasure, in fact, simply occupies too large a place in the English scheme of life: "We want this spirit changed; we want a better husbanding of our vital powers." He calls too for a number of concrete and definite educational reforms: smaller classes and a more personal treatment in elementary school; better buildings; better teachers, with a backing of culture and a real love for their work; differentiation of teaching, so that "both the scientific and the humanistic needs of the country may be supplied"; and supervision and help, after school is left, whether through continuation-classes or clubs. A few other things might have been added as necessary steps in England's renovation: a higher regard for the "things of the mind," as George Gissing put it; a lessened contempt for science and its devotees; and a general social readjustment which should induce a greater respect for the teacher and his work.

THE ESCAPE OF THE WAR CORRESPONDENT FROM THE WILES OF GERMANY will sometime constitute one of the interesting, if minor, chapters in the record of the Great War. Too many of these men—even some possessed of good Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Irish names—allowed Prussian officialdom to have its own way with them. Carefully shepherded, they went hither and yon, seeing what they were told to see, hearing what they were told to hear, catching their color, like chameleons, from their environment, and all the time as completely soaked in their surroundings as a fish in water. Even the best of them, though in possession of their faculties and senses, were obliged to seem complaisant, in order that their functioning as correspondents might continue. The very violence of reaction, as evidenced by printed matter now coming from men of this latter type, proves the calculating pressure to which they were subjected. This reaction is shown nowhere more markedly than in the case of Carl W. Ackerman, representative in Germany of the United

Press for the last two years. He, in the recent phrase of ex-Ambassador Gerard, remained a true American in spite of all the blandishments and temptations of Berlin. Mr. Ackerman's book, announced for this month, has no less a title than "Germany, the Next Republic." Not every reader will see so far and so optimistically as Mr. Ackerman; but many a one will be prompted to wonder whether James O'Donnell Bennett or Dr. William Bayard Hale could ever become capable of throwing so grandly about himself the wide cloak of gallant prophecy.

. . .

POEMS WRITTEN FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES are sometimes good, but poems that are adaptable to advertising purposes may be even better. A young English writer, pausing before a grocer's window, has lately produced some couplets which might never have been achieved by the mere fabricator *ad hoc*.

Soap to keep us pure and white
may indeed be within the reach of the hack;
but its companion-line,

Candles, the slim sons of light,
is beyond the range of anyone save a born poet, functioning for poetry's own sake. Another couplet again brackets happily the definite and the inspired:

Eggs, fresh within and white without,
Cocoa, of origin devout,—

thus at once depicting "hen fruit" that looks and tastes as it ought and setting forth the morning's beverage with a backing of Quaker trustworthiness. If so slight a bit of verse can yield so much for one branch of trade, what might not "Bartlett" or some good concordance yield for another?

. . .

THE POTENCY OF THE PRINTED WORD AS A MEANS TO FAME becomes more and more apparent as the months of war go on. The man who is marked for memory is the man who goes "on record"—the man who comes to be imbedded in his nation's literature. It is the literary soldier who is likely—except in cases of conspicuous, supreme leadership—to get, with whatever degree of justice, the inside track; and if, as is commonly the case, the fighter with a gift for literary expression is companied and survived by friends of his own tastes and affiliations, he is likely to keep it. One recalls with difficulty the name of the commander under whom Sir Philip Sidney or Theodore Körner may have served; yet these two gallant spirits survive perpetually in the anthologies. It is likely enough that, generations hence, the name of Rupert Brooke, with a page or two of his verse, may suffi-

ciently sum up for England the heroism of the present hard years. Heroism unrecorded—however poignant, however deserving—flies down the wind. The "Poems" of Alan Seeger are now followed by his "Letters and Diary." The "Letters from France" of Victor Chapman, first of American aviators to fall in foreign service, are lately published, with a memoir by his father, John Jay Chapman, the Atlantic essayist. All this mechanism of pious care works as it should. Yet one somehow indulges a faint feeling that literary fame, in war time, is always slightly factitious and often somewhat unjust; and a thought must go out for the thousands who died no less bravely, yet who, because inarticulate, can hope for no enduring memorials in the general mind and eye.

. . .

THE PROPENSITY OF FACT TO LOOK LIKE FICTION continues to plague the artist in many fields. A prominent "producer" in the moving-picture world has been complaining that people at the serious junctures of real life seldom act in a way that the films can use convincingly. They do not express joy as they ought to; nor sorrow, nor hate, nor terror. A hospital patient, told that he is soon to die, may express his feelings with a general inexpressiveness that is utterly malapropos and unserviceable. Worse yet, the doctor himself does not know how to tell his patient his coming fate. Consequently, the registration of emotion, if it is to be caught quickly by an ordinary, casual audience, must be conventionalized, standardized. A similar difficulty sometimes meets the author who makes up a book out of novel material. The manuscript-wise may say to him, "Your facts are fancies." For example, a Canadian government employee, going about collecting Canadian folk-tales for official publication, and doubtless realizing how completely such material, if published on such a plan, might be buried in government archives, obtained permission to use a certain number of the tales separately in a book of his own. But a New York "reader" declared that his stories were works of imagination and not genuine folk-tales. This drove their compiler to London. Here another reader declared that, novel and curious and fascinating as they were, no one but a genius of the first rank could have "invented" them, and that, as no such genius existed, the tales were doubtless what they purported to be. On such derogatory grounds as these an agreement was reached. It would be well if the discordant claims of fact and of fiction, in whatever field they crop out, could be settled with less pain to amour-propre.

The Art of Theodore Dreiser

Theodore Dreiser has had the good fortune to evoke a peculiar quality of pugnacious interest among the younger American *intelligentsia* such as has been the lot of almost nobody else writing to-day unless it be Miss Amy Lowell. We do not usually take literature seriously enough to quarrel over it. Or else we take it so seriously that we urbanely avoid squabbles. Certainly there are none of the vendettas that rage in a culture like that of France. But Mr. Dreiser seems to have made himself, particularly since the suppression of "The 'Genius,'" a veritable issue. Interesting and surprising are the reactions to him. Edgar Lee Masters makes him a "soul-enrapt demi-urge, walking the earth, stalking life"; Harris Merton Lyon saw in him a "seer of inscrutable mien"; Arthur Davison Ficke sees him as master of a passing throng of figures, "labored with immortal illusion, the terrible and beautiful, cruel and wonder-laden illusion of life"; Mr. Powys makes him an epic philosopher of the "lifestide"; H. L. Mencken puts him ahead of Conrad, with "an agnosticism that has almost passed beyond curiosity." On the other hand, an unhappy critic in the "Nation" last year gave Mr. Dreiser his place for all time in a neat antithesis between the realism that was based on a theory of human conduct and the naturalism that reduced life to a mere animal behavior. For Dreiser this last special hell was reserved, and the jungle-like and simian activities of his characters rather exhaustively outlined. At the time this antithesis looked silly. With the appearance of Mr. Dreiser's latest book, "A Hoosier Holiday," it becomes nonsensical. For that wise and delightful book reveals him as a very human critic of very common human life, romantically sensual and poetically realistic, with an artist's vision and a thick, warm feeling for American life.

This book gives the clue to Mr. Dreiser, to his insatiable curiosity about people, about their sexual inclinations, about their dreams, about the homely qualities that make them American. His memories give a picture of the floundering young American that is so

typical as to be almost epic. No one has ever pictured this lower middle-class American life so winningly, because no one has had the necessary literary skill with the lack of self-consciousness. Mr. Dreiser is often sentimental, but it is a sentimentality that captivates you with its candor. You are seeing this vacuous, wistful, spiritually rootless, middle-Western life through the eyes of a naïve but very wise boy. Mr. Dreiser seems queer only because he has carried along his youthful attitude in unbroken continuity. He is fascinated with sex because youth is usually obsessed with sex. He puzzles about the universe because youth usually puzzles. He thrills to crudity and violence because sensitive youth usually recoils from the savagery of the industrial world. Imagine incorrigible, sensuous youth endowed with the brooding skepticism of the philosopher who feels the vanity of life, and you have the paradox of Mr. Dreiser. For these two attitudes in him support rather than oppose each other. His spiritual evolution was out of a pious, ascetic atmosphere into intellectual and personal freedom. He seems to have found himself without losing himself. Of how many American writers can this be said? And for this much shall be forgiven him,—his slovenliness of style, his lack of nuances, his apathy to the finer shades of beauty, his weakness for the mystical and the vague. Mr. Dreiser suggests the over-sensitive temperament that protects itself by an admiration for crudity and cruelty. His latest book reveals the boyhood shyness and timidity of this Don Juan of novelists. Mr. Dreiser is complicated, but he is complicated in a very understandable American way, the product of the uncouth forces of small-town life and the vast disorganization of the wider American world. As he reveals himself, it is a revelation of a certain broad level of the American soul.

Mr. Dreiser seems uncommon only because he is more naïve than most of us. It is not so much that he swarms his pages with sexful figures as that he rescues sex for the scheme of personal life. He feels a holy mission to slay the American literary superstition that men and women are not sensual beings. But

he does not brush this fact in the sniggering way of the popular magazines. He takes it very seriously, so much so that some of his novels become caricatures of desire. It is, however, a misfortune that it has been Brieux and Freud and not native Theodore Dreiser who soaked the sexual imagination of the younger American *intelligentsia*. It would have been far healthier to have absorbed Mr. Dreiser's literary treatment of sex than to have gone hysterical over its pathology. Sex has little significance unless it is treated in personally artistic, novelistic terms. The American tradition had tabooed the treatment of those infinite gradations and complexities of love that fill the literary imagination of a sensitive people. When curiosity got too strong and reticence was repealed in America, we had no means of articulating ourselves except in a deplorable pseudo-scientific jargon that has no more to do with the relevance of sex than the chemical composition of orange paint has to do with the artist's vision. Dreiser has done a real service to the American imagination in despising the underworld and going gravely to the business of picturing sex as it is lived in the personal relations of bungling, wistful, or masterful men and women. He seemed strange and rowdy only because he made sex human, and American tradition had never made it human. It had only made it either sacred or vulgar, and when these categories no longer worked, we fell under the dubious and perverting magic of the psycho-analysts.

In spite of his looseness of literary gait and heaviness of style Dreiser seems a sincere groper after beauty. It is natural enough that this should so largely be the beauty of sex. For where would a sensitive boy, brought up in Indiana and in the big American cities, get beauty expressed for him except in women? What does mid-Western America offer to the starving except its personal beauty? A few landscapes, an occasional picture in a museum, a book of verse perhaps! Would not all the rest be one long, flaunting offense of ugliness and depression? "The 'Genius,'" instead of being that mass of pornographic horror which the Vice Societies repute it to be, is the story of a groping artist whose love of beauty runs obsessively upon

the charm of girlhood. Through different social planes, through business and manual labor and the feverish world of artists, he pursues this lure. Dreiser is refreshing in his air of the moral democrat, who sees life impassively, neither praising nor blaming, at the same time that he realizes how much more terrible and beautiful and incalculable life is than any of us are willing to admit. It may be all *apologia*, but it comes with the grave air of a mind that wants us to understand just how it all happened. "Sister Carrie" will always retain the fresh charm of a spontaneous working-out of mediocre, and yet elemental and significant, lives. A good novelist catches hold of the thread of human desire. Dreiser does this, and that is why his admirers forgive him so many faults.

If you like to speculate about personal and literary qualities that are specifically American, Dreiser should be as interesting as any one now writing in America. This becomes clearer as he writes more about his youth. His hopelessly unorientated, half-educated, boyhood is so typical of the uncritical and careless society in which wistful American talent has had to grope. He had to be spiritually a self-made man, work out a philosophy of life, discover his own sincerity. Talent in America outside of the ruling class flowers very late, because it takes so long to find its bearings. It has had almost to create its own soil, before it could put in its roots and grow. It is born shivering into an inhospitable and irrelevant group. It has to find its own kind of people and piece together its links of comprehension. It is a gruelling and tedious task, but those who come through it contribute, like Vachel Lindsay, creative work that is both novel and indigenous. The process can be more easily traced in Dreiser than in almost anybody else. "A Hoosier Holiday" not only traces the personal process, but it gives the social background. The common life, as seen throughout the countryside, is touched off quizzically, and yet sympathetically, with an artist's vision. Dreiser sees the American masses in their commonness and at their pleasure as brisk, rather vacuous people, a little pathetic in their innocence of the possibilities of life and their optimistic trustfulness. He sees them ruled by great

barons of industry, and yet unconscious of their serfdom. He seems to love this countryside, and he makes you love it.

Dreiser loves, too, the ugly violent bursts of American industry,—the flaming steel-mills and gaunt lakesides. "The Titan" and "The Financier" are unattractive novels, but they are human documents of the brawn of a passing American era. Those stenographic conversations, webs of financial intrigue, bare bones of enterprise, insult our artistic sense. There is too much raw beef, and yet it all has the taste and smell of the primitive business-jungle it deals with. These crude and greedy captains of finance with their wars and their amours had to be given some kind of literary embodiment, and Dreiser has hammered a sort of raw epic out of their lives.

It is not only his feeling for these themes of crude power and sex and the American common life that makes Dreiser interesting. His emphases are those of a new America which is latently expressive and which must develop its art before we shall really have become articulate. For Dreiser is a true hyphenate, a product of that conglomerate Americanism that springs from other roots than the English tradition. Do we realize how rare it is to find a talent that is thoroughly American and wholly un-English? Culturally we have somehow suppressed the hyphenate. Only recently has he forced his way through the unofficial literary censorship. The *vers-librists* teem with him, but Dreiser is almost the first to achieve a largeness of utterance. His outlook, it is true, flouts the American canons of optimism and redemption, but these were never anything but conventions. There stirs in Dreiser's books a new American quality. It is not at all German. It is an authentic attempt to make something artistic out of the chaotic materials that lie around us in American life. Dreiser interests because we can watch him grope and feel his clumsiness. He has the artist's vision without the sureness of the artist's technique. That is one of the tragedies of America. But his faults are those of his material and of uncouth bulk, and not of shoddiness. He expresses an America that is in process of forming. The interest he evokes is part of the eager interest we feel in that growth.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

A Cosmopolitan Poet

Rubén Darío died on the 6th of February, 1916, at the age of forty-nine. He had earned an undisputed title as the most famous Castilian poet of his day, the leader of the younger generation of writers in every stylistic innovation. He was a Nicaraguan, and therein lies the marvel of his power over Spanish letters. Never before has a Spanish-American been the fugleman of a literary overturn in Spain, as Darío was the originator of modernism. His personal victory over continental indifference and superiority would have been less notable had he issued from Argentina, Chile, or Colombia,—the recognized centres of Spanish-American culture. Tiny, feud-torn Nicaragua could lend him no prestige.

Modernism is a term used in Spain to denote a movement in its world of letters which began there not long before the disaster of 1898, and still continues to develop. It is not easy to define, since nebulosity is one of its aims. But Darío, who was engagingly frank in his self-criticism, discloses without reserve his own literary ancestry, and with it that of the school. The lineage is almost wholly French. Victor Hugo was Darío's greatest object of admiration, both early and late. Next to him came Théophile Gautier and Verlaine; then Leconte de Lisle, Hérédia, and lesser men, such as Banville, Moréas, Villiers, Armand Silvestre, and, in prose, Daudet and Flaubert. Poe and Walt Whitman were often on his lips. Juan Valera commented with amazement upon the Parisian spirit of "Azul," published at Valparaíso, Chile, in 1888. "None of the men of the peninsula who have had the most cosmopolitan spirit," said he, "who have lived longest in France and who speak French and other languages the best, has ever seemed to me so steeped in the French spirit as Darío." This, of a youth of twenty-one who had never left Central America except to go to Chile! And underlying the French culture was classical training of a thoroughness which, in this country, has passed into a legendary state. Nearly every line Darío wrote testifies to his familiarity with Greek and Latin mythology, metre, and art. Evidently, in the eighties, Leon of Nicaragua possessed real teachers of the humanities.

Modernism, then, is nothing but a blend of romanticism, the Parnassus, symbolism, *vers librist*, and any other recent French isms. The surprising thing is that none of the currents posterior to *le Parnasse* had been able to cross the Pyrenees directly. It remained

for Darío, in his corner of the New World, to catch the different strands, weave them into a single cord, and ship his wares back across the Atlantic to the cradle of his race, there to create a sensation and a school.

Darío and his followers say, with justice, that they have renewed Spanish poetry, freed it from age-old shackles. It is invariably the formal, metrical side of their achievement that they stress. "I applied to the Castilian tongue verbal advantages of other languages," says Darío. "Attention to inner melody, which contributes to the success of rhythmic expression; novelty in adjectives, study of the historical meaning of each word, use of a discreet erudition, lexicographic aristocracy, were my aims. . . I think I have struck a new note in the orchestration of the octosyllable." "I flexibilized," he says again, with his customary neologism, "the hendecasyllable to its utmost." He was, indeed, an indefatigable experimenter with rhymes and rhythms, but one must not forget that he never discarded a system till he had become proficient in it, and that his daring innovations sprang consciously from supreme technical skill, from a minute understanding of the intricacies of metrics, ancient and modern. He was not trying, like a cubist painter or some poets of the day, to escape the bonds of rules that he had not patience to master. It is noteworthy that, in spite of the liberty he preached, he was not a *vers librist*, except in occasional unimportant poems. His anarchy developed within the limits of rhyme and syllable-count. It is not likely that his more extreme licenses, such as *enjambement* with a pendant definite article, will remain in the language.

As might be expected in view of its origins, Darío's art is more French than Spanish. Not that he was unpatriotic or neglectful of the glories of his race. He was intensely loyal to his native tropics always and did not share the antipathy for Spain that many Spanish-Americans harbor. He came to love her national history and ancient honors. But the spirit of his art was quite unlike what we are accustomed to consider Castilian. To be sure, it may be all the more universal art for that. The savor of Spanish soil is so strong that, undiluted, it appears not to be much relished away from home.

Darío was un-Spanish, first, in the meticulous polish of his verse. "Slap-dash methods and indifference to form," says Fitzmaurice-Kelly, "are characteristic of the greatest Spaniards." The impeccable choice of words, the sapient harmony of line, the alliteration, the silvery combinations of vocables, the inspired placing of the *césura*,—all these qual-

ities, dropping at times into mannerism and preciousness, are something new in Spanish poetry. One must go back to Luis de León and Góngora to find anything resembling it, and then remotely.

He is un-Spanish in the lack of that sonorous, mouth-filling rhetoric which impresses any reader of Castilian lyrics. Darío worked for lightness, freedom, and delicacy, and to that end substituted short words for long as much as possible. He is un-Spanish, too, in his lack of realism. Like many another poet who worked hard for a living, he put into his verse as little as possible of the sordid side of his life. To him his art meant an opportunity to retire into an ideal world, "within an ivory tower," as he put it, to regale himself with the joy of creation in a realm of dreams and illusions. Even in his erotic poetry, much of it a veritable hymn to Pan, the divinity of sex, the fundamental idea is clad in such a magical veil of imagery and mythology that it is incapable of offending. The great excesses of his own life found only an idealized echo in his verse. He was a robust, full-blooded product of the tropics, having probably a slight admixture of Indian blood, but such was the aristocracy of his intellect that he would no more have soiled a blank sheet with slops than he would have cheapened it with rhyme-tags. I am speaking, naturally, of Darío in his prime, the Darío of "Azul," "Prosas Profanas," and "Cantos de Vida y Esperanza."

Lastly, Darío is un-Spanish in his vacillating religious faith. Every critic recognizes the duality of his nature, the "cosmic sensualism" of his pantheistic mythology, paralleled or contradicted by yearnings toward revealed religion. Darío himself affirmed that he was "a Christian if not a Catholic," and some of his admirers have tried to claim him for the Church, but it is indubitable that paganism was the essence of his soul, while his faith was hesitating and frail. Repeatedly, in both prose and verse, he describes the horror of death, a purely physical fear of annihilation, that beset him from his earliest years: "in my desolation," he says, "I have rushed to God as a refuge, I have seized prayer as a parachute." So he prayed:

Jesus, sower of wheat, grant me the tender
bread of thy *hostia*; grant me salvation from hell,
that yawns for the rage and the lusts of an ancient
offender.

Tell me the terrible horror of death that pursues me
is naught but illusion, the wraith of unspeakable sin;
that dying means only a flood of new light to suffuse
me,
that then thou wilt say to me "Raise thee, and enter
in."

This is not the ardent faith of a convinced

Christian; St. Theresa and John of the Cross would not recognize it as kin to their own. In fact, it bears a curious inverse resemblance to some recent remarks of Miguel de Unamuno, the celebrated free lance of the University of Salamanca. To an interviewer he said: "I am very much afraid of certain things, and especially of dying." And in the same breath he added, in response to a question concerning his religious belief: "Here in Spain even we atheists are Catholics." The sentiments of Darío are not separated from those of Unamuno by any such chasm as parts both from the rapturous yearning for death so often expressed by the true Spanish mystics. Nor did Darío possess the equally Spanish courage of consistent materialism. He was bold toward the world, but timid toward himself. His lyrics are the quintessence of pantheism, and yet he could snatch at prayer as a parachute.

A like fluctuation is apparent in his poetry. His protean nature is the hardest in the world to pin a label to. Usually he is dubbed an apostle of imprecision, a translator of delicate nuances of mood into lines shaded with equal delicacy. He is, very often, that kind of Verlainian. Take as an example the opening stanzas of the well-known "Era un Aire Suave. . ."

There came a gentle breeze in tardy whirls,
the fairy Harmony took rhythmic flight;
a cello sobbed in cadence; sighs of girls
and whispers floated outward, vague and light.

Upon the terrace, where the boughs hang near,
you would have said that, when the silk attire
caressed the white magnolias, you could hear
a tremolo from some æolian lyre.

But that sort of thing is really untranslatable, of course. The charm is too closely linked to the form. No sooner have you decided that Darío stands for nothing else than this, when, at some turn of a leaf, you come upon a sonnet of robust contour, firmly imagined and strongly chiselled, an ode of frosty brilliance, a martial and aggressive polemic. He is often assumed to be a pure aesthete, but he gives proof of clear reasoning and exactness, when he wishes. Now a pagan lover of fleshly beauty, at times he dallies with a wholly sensuous Christian mysticism; again, he is overcome by a sense of the futility of life. His one constant trait is the worship of art for art's sake, of the rare and delicate in every manifestation.

Somewhere in his work there is meat for every taste. Is this the dilettantism of a roving assimilator? Is it rather the full many-sidedness of genius? I incline to the latter hypothesis. It is early to declare with the novelist Valle-Inclán, in a *boutade* meant

perhaps only to startle the bourgeois, that "all Spanish poetry may be reduced to two names, Jorge Manrique and Darío." It is early even to boast, with a French critic, that "Darío had a hand in the funeral of Nuñez de Arce and all that his art represents." The world of letters is probably not ready to discard forever, in favor of modernism, the poetry of definite ideas. What cannot be denied is that Darío, single-handed, initiated a movement in Spain that affects to-day nearly every branch of literary art; that he renovated the technique of both poetry and prose; that he made his own many diverse styles; and that his verse is often so inevitable as to touch the finality of art. He was a real leader who could write: "I am not an iconoclast. The time lost in destroying is always needed for creation."

S. GRISWOLD MORLEY.

COMMUNICATIONS

IGNORING THE QUESTION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The criticism of Willard Huntington Wright's "Misinforming a Nation" which appeared in your issue of May 31st may be recommended to teachers of logic who are on the lookout for living examples to illustrate the common fallacy known as Ignoring the Question. Mr. Wright's book is intended to show that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is a British book; that it is unfair, all along the line, to other countries, especially to America. It is based, as the critic, Mr. Fuller, confesses, upon wide knowledge and careful research, and considerable evidence is offered in its pages for the author's contention.

Does Mr. Fuller meet the argument squarely in his unfavorable review? Does he show that Mr. Wright is in error? If he does, I quite overlooked the place. He makes fun of Mr. Wright as a slashing, dashing, up-to-the-minute modern; he suggests that the present edition of the *Britannica* is an improvement upon earlier editions; he tells us something about the feelings with which he reads the book; but he consistently avoids the issue. Personally, I am glad to know of Mr. Wright's attitude toward contemporary life, and am encouraged to learn of the improvement in the *Britannica*. And I hope I am not so ungracious as to be uninterested in the mental and emotional state aroused in the critic by the reading of this "Pamphlet against a long-established literary institution." But unfortunately my mind makes no connection between these and Mr. Wright's strictures. Perhaps Mr. Wright is wrong in his belief that such men as Luther Burbank, John Dewey, and Wilbur Wright would have found a place in an unbiased encyclopædia. Perhaps there is no ground for his objection to the dismissal of William James with twenty-eight lines where Sir William Hamilton gets a page and

a half. Perhaps he is likewise wide of the mark in his estimate of the men of other nations. It is even conceivable that Mr. Wright completely fails to prove that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* booms England at the expense of France, Germany, Russia, and the rest. If so, Mr. Fuller does not move a finger to show it. He simply smiles condescendingly and continues to elaborate a figure of speech in which the *Encyclopædia* is a wonderful skyscraper and Mr. Wright an amusing workman bent upon reducing it to debris with a pick.

I regret that Mr. Fuller could be satisfied with a superficial analysis of a criticism the truth or fallacy of which it is of considerable importance to establish. Perhaps the reason is to be found in the assumptions which apparently underlie his review, namely, that everything modern is ephemeral, and that long-established institutions are sacred. If so, I can well understand why Mr. Wright's book should get on his nerves, as he admits it did, and why, rather than make a serious attempt to weigh the evidence offered by Mr. Wright, he resorts to that battered shield of the defeated: "How much finer to build than to wreck, to boost than to bang."

Madison, Wis., May 31, 1917. M. C. OTTO.

MORE ABOUT THE SHORT STORY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Mr. Cory in his article "The Senility of the Short Story" says many things that are beside the point and many others that are bound to be puzzling to even an attentive reader. He declares that the short story shows signs of degeneration and senility and that one of these signs is its overwhelming popularity. But is not Mr. Cory thinking, not of real short stories, but of American magazine fiction—a very different proposition? That the "commercial short story" is at a low level, I have already said in a previous article in *THE DIAL*. But Mr. Cory seems to be aware only of this vast rubbish-heap and because of it he damns the whole art of the short story. But is not this like condemning painting as "degenerate" and "pathological" because of the advertising posters in the magazines or on the hoardings? There is nothing rarer than to find a *bona fide* short story in the magazines.

When Mr. Cory writes about the short story as a "genre," I find it difficult to know what he means. For the short story is a distinct literary art like the play or the novel, and like the play and the novel it has many "genres." For the moment some of these "genres" are doubtless done to death as were the eighteenth century formula for satire and the nineteenth century formula for Tennysonian verse. That many are pathological I am prepared to admit. But the modern art of the short story as distinct from the magazine fiction industry Mr. Cory does not seem to be conscious of. I hardly think it worth while to consider whether this latter is degenerate or senile or anything else, for it cannot seriously be considered as writing at all. However, a thoughtful consideration of what are the defects of the modern art of the short story as represented, say,

by such masters as Tchekhov or Schnitzler or Paul Heyse would be of great interest if Mr. Cory had given it to us.

He gives three reasons for his condemnation of the short story. First, because the unity is abnormally artificial and intense. Now what can Mr. Cory mean by an "intense" unity? As to its being artificial, the unity in any art is artificial. And is the unity in any good short story more abnormally artificial than the unity in any good play, poem, or novel? As to his second point—"the popular habit of truncating the short story violently at the climax"—this I pass over, as it is merely a popular habit and has nothing to do with any art. "Consider thirdly," says Mr. Cory, "the rapid action of the short story. Life is made to whirl by like the walls of a subway." In certain genres, no doubt, the action is rapid. But when he speaks of life whirling by like the walls of a subway, it is again apparent that Mr. Cory's exemplars are all in magazine fiction. If life whirls by in this way we are reading something that ought to be dealt with in a novel or a play or some other form. It might be as well to state here that the material of a short story, properly speaking, cannot be dealt with in any other literary form.

Mr. Cory writes: "If a great artist would take subjects like 'Poverty,' 'Immigration,' 'Violence and the Labor Movement' and treat them with thoroughness and eloquence in a form compounded of historical narrative and reflective essay, if he could unite in himself the dialectic of metaphysics with its concern over fundamental principles, the sense of the picturesque tempered by a sense of moral horror, an Emersonian or, better, a Fichtean fervor to edify, he would express the aspiration of the world to-day,—he would be our supreme artist." Why should work on these lines take the place of the short story? There is no reason why both should not flourish side by side. As a matter of fact this Emersonian or Fichtean fervor to edify is all too common in America to-day. It oozes through magazine fiction, which is often really tracts on Efficiency, Social Service, and so on under fictional disguise. Is not Mr. Griffith in his motion pictures really approaching what Mr. Cory desires? He has already given us "Intolerance." He will doubtless in time arrive at "Immigration" and "Violence and the Labor Movement." An Emersonian or Fichtean fervor to edify would be more likely to find in a great artist a satirist rather than an exponent. A Cervantes of the New World might find his Don Quixote in one of these Emersonian or Fichtean uplifters.

He writes: "The short story teems to-day on our news-stands." Let me assure Mr. Cory and the readers of this note with all the earnestness I can command that the short story is rarely found at all on our news-stands. And I really believe that if it was it would give considerable satisfaction to a goodly proportion of the reading population of this country. The manufactured fiction or commercial short story, in spite of the high price paid for it, appeals to very few of the people who for

various reasons buy the magazine. When he tells us that the reading of it is a mere public habit, I am heartily in agreement with Mr. Cory.

June 8, 1917.

MARY M. COLUM.

IRELAND'S DEBT TO FOREIGN SCHOLARS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issue of May 17th, Mr. Padraic Colum speaks of the indebtedness of Irish language and literature to certain French, Italian, and German scholars. Zeuss, of course, is the great pioneer of the scientific study of Celtic philology. With Zimmer, Windisch, and Kuno Meyer, however, one would have liked to see mentioned the great German authority on Old Irish, Rudolf Thurneysen. His exhaustive work on the Irish language of the monuments of the eighth and ninth centuries, "Handbuch des Alt-Irischen" (Heidelberg, 1909), is probably the most important single monograph yet published on Irish linguistics. Thurneysen's book is at the same time one of the most admirable specimens of philological writing that have come to my notice. No doubt Zimmer, Windisch, and Meyer are better known to the Irish themselves, as these men have occupied themselves not only with the Irish language but also with the literary monuments of the Middle Irish period.

One further regrets Mr. Colum's failure to mention the great English student of Irish, Whitley Stokes, who ranks easily with the rest. Incidentally, "d'Arbois de Jourainville" should be corrected to "d'Arbois de Jubainville." This is probably a printer's error.

Ottawa, Ont., June 5, 1917. EDWARD SAPIR.

SAINT-SAËNS ON WAGNER AND SHAKESPEARE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The letter of M. Saint-Saëns, which you published in your issue of May 3, refers to two paragraphs in my correspondence of January 11, where I touched upon this well-known French musician's present excessive antipathy to Wagner and his rather half-hearted admiration for Shakespeare. As regards the first-named genius, I may point out, perhaps, that just after the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, Saint-Saëns was a warm supporter of Wagner; and in connection with his changed position to-day, one should read the article by M. Jean Marnold, the music critic of the "Mercure de France," in the September issue of that periodical. To say that M. Marnold handles M. Saint-Saëns without gloves, is to put it very mildly.

As regards M. Saint-Saëns's attitude toward Shakespeare, as expressed in his communication to the "Renaissance," M. Paul Souday, the literary critic of the Paris "Temps," got the same impression of that article as I did, as will be seen by reading M. Souday's strictures in the issue of the "Temps" for November 3. Since my correspondence appeared in your columns, I have seen the "Renaissance" article, and I find that M. Saint-Saëns shows therein very little enthusiasm for the Bard of Avon.

M. Saint-Saëns states that the only real grudge

he has against Shakespeare, and even this applies more to the present-day admirers of the poet than to the poet himself, is the growing tendency in Paris to put his plays on the stage. Shakespeare is better in the reading than in the acting, he holds. Yet at the very moment when his letter to you was crossing the ocean, M. Firmin Gémier, one of the really great living actors of France, was making at the Théâtre Antoine perhaps the hit of the season with "The Merchant of Venice," the very play to the production of which M. Saint-Saëns objects because "it has often been given in Paris in French and Italian." And yet this new presentation is unanimously approved by the leading dramatic critics of the French capital. Thus, in the "Temps" not less than three of its regular staff write laudatory articles thereon—M. Adolphe Aderer in the issue of April 25, M. Abel Hermant in that for the 27th, while M. Adolphe Brisson seems to sum up all their views on May 7 in these words: "Shakespeare triomphe en ce moment à Paris; une sympathie voisine de l'enthousiasme a accueilli la première représentation du *Marchand de Venise*."

The truth of the matter is that M. Saint-Saëns, like many of us old folk, grows more and more bitter in his judgments as he advances in years, but is evidently not aware of the fact.

THEODORE STANTON.

Cornell Campus, May 31, 1917.

POETRY AND CRITICISM.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In two recent issues Mr. Conrad Aiken writes, first, an arraignment of Miss Harriet Monroe as editor of an Anthology of New Poetry; secondly, an article deploring the lack of magic in new poetry.

It seems to me that the spirit of his first article answers the query of his second. The poet cannot write with magic unless he himself is "magicked." The spirit of magic in poetry is the spirit of the child-heart. It is the spirit of receptivity, blitheness, comradeship, *laissez-faire*, hope, wonder, and the always attendant wistfulness, *Gemüth*. Magic is a stranger to bitterness and carping.

The poets of this hour are, in general, too much concerned about each other's development and not enough concerned with their own. They spend too much conversation and type in exposing the flaws they believe they find in other poets' work—and in the other poets' mentalities; and they expend too little thought in understanding, disciplining, and developing their own "urge." They show a tendency to divide into little groups, partly for destructive oral and calligraphical warfare on other little groups.

Less attention to personalities and a deeper submergence of self in life would result in poetry with magic now, even as in the past. "Each in his separate star—." The first rule of every creator who has stepped out of the "high average" class into greatness has been—"mind your own business."

CONSTANCE SKINNER.

New York, June 20, 1917.

Some Fundamentals of Peace

AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF PEACE AND THE TERMS OF ITS PERPETUATION. By Thorstein Veblen. (Macmillan Co.; \$2.)

Critics of the work of Mr. Thorstein Veblen have found fault with him for treating the social problems with which he concerns himself in the impersonal and detached way in which he does. They have asked him to leave the rarified atmosphere of scientific dispassionateness and come down into the arena, where the fighting is done, and tell us what to do about it and how to do it. Mr. Veblen, however, has persistently refused to forsake his scientific objectivity and has continued to handle society, particularly in its economic aspects, as a question to be understood rather than to become excited and inflamed over.

If Mr. Veblen's critics interpret his dispassionateness as indifference, they have been indifferent readers of his works. No man who has spent a lifetime studying and describing society can be said not to care about the humanity of the thing which he has so intimately made his own. In fact, the economic aspect of social activity is about the last field imaginable where one can rest satisfied with a mere analysis or statement of how the bug buzzes. Mr. Veblen is interested, intensely interested, in what is to-day rather smugly called social welfare. That he has not felt it incumbent upon him to indulge in advice and exhortation is perhaps due, on the one hand, to the fact that he saw no particular scarcity of that commodity, and on the other, to the preconception on which his scheme of social psychology may be said to rest.

This preconception runs to the effect that taking thought has so far not succeeded in deviating the workaday habits of any community from idiotic activities or imbecile preoccupations. Such taking thought is only a half-hearted affair at best, surrounded as it is by the terribly heavy and intricate mass of former and present thoughts derived from the manner in which the daily work of the world is carried on. Since one's habits of mind are so intimately determined by one's habits of work,—work in the large sense of the activities connected with daily living and dying,—advice and exhortation would be simply in the nature of homiletic supererogation, useful for the purpose of emotional diffusion or æsthetic complaisance.

The situation is different in a crisis, such as the present war may be said to have produced. The ordinary ways of living and dying have been wrenched from their moorings and the ordinary habits of thought are found

to be wanting in their old-time comforts and stability. Taking thought is conceivably more likely now to result in a way of living in accord with that thought than ever before. Or to put it more as Mr. Veblen presents it, taking thought may result in the abolition of a part or the whole of that system of organized and revered nuisances which makes up so much of our institutional scheme of mental habituation.

For so Mr. Veblen views the nature of peace and the means of its perpetuation. To him, peace is less in the nature of something to be established than of something not to be disturbed. An inquiry into the nature of peace would, therefore, reduce itself to an inquiry into the agencies calculated or not calculated to interfere with the established peace.

Assuming that our voluble professions of pacific intentions are to be taken seriously, Mr. Veblen presents a few propositions which he believes will make for peace, in case the situation at the end of the war is of a character to make possible the establishment of an order opposed to disturbance of the peace. These propositions assume the existence of a league of nations, something on the order of the much-heralded League to Enforce Peace. The propositions are:

- (1) The definitive elimination of the Imperial (German) establishment, together with the monarchical establishments of the several states of the Empire and the privileged classes;
- (2) Removal or destruction of all warlike equipment, military and naval, defensive and offensive;
- (3) Cancellation of the public debt of the Empire and of its members—creditors of the Empire being accounted accessory to the culpable enterprise of the Imperial government;
- (4) Confiscation of such industrial equipment and resources as have contributed to the carrying on of the war, as being also accessory;
- (5) Assumption by the league at large of all debts incurred by the Entente belligerents or by neutrals for the prosecution or by reason of the war, and distribution of the obligation so assumed impartially among the members of the league, including the peoples of the defeated nations;
- (6) Indemnification for all injury done to civilians in the invaded territories; the means for such indemnification to be procured by confiscation of all estates in the defeated countries exceeding a certain very modest maximum, calculated on the average of property owned, say, by the poorer three-fourths of the population,—the kept classes being properly accounted accessory to the Empire's culpable enterprise.

It will be seen at once that Mr. Veblen assumes the defeat of the German Imperial power as a necessary condition for any but a German peace. The reason for such an assumption is found in the very character of any Imperial power, the tendency to war, dominion, and exploitation being its "original

nature." As long as such an Imperial power is running around loose, there is absolutely no chance for any peace except on terms dictated by that Imperial power—a Pax Germanica on the order and analogy of the ancient Pax Romana. Mr. Veblen discusses at length the contingency of a "peace without honor," and he concludes that, while biologically such a peace is no more an obstacle to useful, decent, and upright living than the system of balances of power under which we live at present, the ordinary man is altogether too patriotic, too much imbued with "a sense of partisan solidarity in respect of prestige," to tolerate any such violent damage to his feelings of respect for tribal precedence and decorum.

There remains a third alternative. If the dynastic busybodies who run the business of Imperialistic expansion by means of death and destruction can be put out of that business, if the devoted loyalty of the rank and file of Imperial subjects can ever be made amenable to a sense of the discrepancy between that loyalty and its corresponding cost in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, then the Imperial show will have to be closed down and the danger of disturbance of the peace will be diminished by that much. Mr. Veblen has no illusions on that score. Habits are slowly learned and slowly unlearned—not so slowly unlearned, perhaps, but slowly enough. Still, the thing can be done by following a policy of thorough neutralization and stubborn refusal to take the host of genteel military and bureaucratic parasites at their own valuation.

While the Imperial establishment is by far the most gifted with potentialities for disturbing the peace, the so-called constitutional monarchies are not altogether slackers in that respect. Wherever there is a system of hierarchically graded men, there peace trembles in the balance. To the extent that this grading system has a basis in the affections of the common man, to that extent is a weapon placed in the hands of the irresponsible, which they can, and which they usually do, use for their God, their King, and their country—different names for their own predilections.

Lastly, one must not exclude from the list of the potential trouble-makers the so-called republics by the grace of the business man. They also share, and share richly, in that potentiality. Under modern conditions of financial investment, when God, King, and country are transformed into national honor at so much per cent, it is to be expected that the peace will be disturbed as often and as

much as the single-minded and single-hearted purpose of financial returns demands such a procedure.

The crucial factor in this disturbance of the peace by these various, variously ill-meaning agencies, is, after all, the system of tribal loyalties and habits, of tribal animosities and pugnacities which make up the essence of patriotism. It is on the basis of these that the knight-errant in search of adventure and the knight-investor in search of dividends construct their schemes of assault and battery known as national expansion. This feeling of patriotic devotion is given due treatment by Mr. Veblen. He finds democracy not lacking in such feeling and mankind indifferently and abundantly provided with it. With it also he finds that the system of mechanical habits of work and thought which characterizes the modern machine process, makes for an insubordination necessary to the ultimate defeat of that feeling. In this respect warlike organizations find themselves in the dilemma brought about by the modern industrial revolution. They cannot successfully prosecute their wars without the products of the machine process, modern warfare being altogether a question of mechanical and industrial technique,—and, in the long run, they cannot get along with it. In the last analysis, Mr. Veblen bases his hope for peace on the foundation of the revolution in mental habits which goes with the machine process.

Such, in the barest outline, is Mr. Veblen's analysis of the factors which make for or against peace. It is an analysis not written for the man who wants to read while he runs. None of Mr. Veblen's works were written with such readers in view. If the subject is worth writing a book about, it is also worthy of a book that must be read with thought and consideration. Mr. Veblen's great care in expressing his thoughts may mislead some into believing him difficult of access. This is not the case, except for the man who wants to get the greatest immediate returns for the least effort. Mr. Veblen's manner of writing is symphonic; what he repeats is not repetition in the common sense of the word; no idea is quite the same after he has stated it twice or even three times. The theme may be the same, but the complex working out of the theme gives it the value of an entirely new composition. Above all there stands a masterly intellect, holding the various strands of fact and thought securely in its grasp and weaving them into patterns of compelling truth.

MAX SYLVIVS HANDMAN.

A Cook's Tour in Arnold

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *How to Know Him*. By Stuart P. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.; \$1.50.)

Adam doubtless had lonesome moments in Eden, but one thing he was spared: there were no official guides to advertise the scenery; no experts to legislate his taste. His was a life of discovery. How different the environment of his descendants in these efficient days! So completely have conditions changed that the son or daughter of Adam who enjoys the privilege of discovery even in moderation is a rare and heroic specimen. The vast majority of individuals, educated as well as uneducated, clothe their ignorance in borrowed finery, and are as much embarrassed when caught in any other dress as in none at all. Even our universities, ostensibly dedicated to discovery, have developed an effective technique for safeguarding society against the appearance of intellectual "sports." Everywhere it is bad form to perceive or enjoy immediately rather than vicariously, and to confess the experience. So deep-seated has this habit of mind become that one undertakes a heavy task in trying to sequester even a small corner of one's spiritual domain from the rule of the omnipresent specialists. What are the experts for, is the language of our environment, if not to teach us what to think and how to feel?

These remarks are occasioned by the reading of Stuart P. Sherman's book, "Matthew Arnold, How to Know Him." There is much to be said in favor of the volume. Its rich content is expressed in a style combining vivacity with restraint, while the author's sympathetic treatment of Arnold's standpoint is tempered by independence of judgment. The reader will turn from the book with a distinct impression of Matthew Arnold as a person, and with a pretty clear concept of what he considered it necessary to believe regarding poetry, education, politics, and religion—if one would see life and see it whole. Indeed, except for an occasional overstraining to turn a smart phrase, a somewhat superior attitude toward "middle-class virtues" and "the people," and an irritable manner with those who are still young enough to find fault with Arnold ("younger critic," it would seem, is Mr. Sherman's damn), the book is an admirable study. It is, however, an invitation to substitute knowledge about Arnold for acquaintance with him, and for that reason may fail to arouse the enthusiasm of many who have hopes and fears for literature.

To avoid misunderstanding and in justice to the author, the point of the criticism must

be made perfectly clear. I am not finding fault with the content, style, or spirit of the book. My criticism goes deeper, or else is beside the mark. I object to the general theory upon which the book is based; I attack Mr. Sherman's method. Assuming that the subtitle, "How to Know Him," means "How best to become acquainted with what he wrote," I submit there is but one answer: read him. That is old-fashioned advice, and to follow it takes time, but no better way to know him has, I believe, been invented. To be sure, there is a better and a worse way of reading any writer, and judicious guidance is of value at this point. But there is no adequate substitute for extensive contact with the writer's own works. The besetting temptation of literary experts is to disregard this fact. They find it well-nigh impossible to stop with introducing the reader to the writer and giving some general directions on how to go about developing a personal acquaintance. Nor are they satisfied to tell you what interested them, what they liked, and why. They must tell you what the author meant by what he said, if not what he should have said. In a word, they deviate the reader's interest in an author to occupation with another's criticism of him and block direct, spontaneous approach with a mass of interpretation.

Enjoyable as Mr. Sherman's book is it yields, in my judgment, to this temptation. Take, for example, the chapter entitled "Poems of the Personal Life." Here fragments of Arnold's poetry, and now and then a complete poem, are set in a running comment of interpretation—the background out of which the verses grew, the mood they illustrate, what they mean, and so on. Limitations of space make cutting necessary, and at times Arnold's lines have to be replaced by Mr. Sherman's prose, with only enough verse to point the moral or adorn the tale. "Empedocles on Etna" thus shrinks to nineteen lines, not counting broken bits scattered here and there. And at every turn, the reader is forearmed with an interpretation against the danger of coming face to face with Arnold's words. It seems to me that the lover of poetry should be protected instead against finding an exquisite lyric such as Arnold's "Longing" framed in the following comment:

To bring out still more clearly the conflicting forces in Arnold's nature let us take first a passage from "Faded Leaves" in which one feels the pang and hears the cry of the heart uttered in pure lyrical abandon:

Now let us have a single stanza from "Absence," the Switzerland series which seems to sum up the

comment of Arnold's reason upon the sweet tumult of the emotional life.

But the job is well done; so well indeed that one almost forgets to be critical. One appears to get over a good deal of Arnold and one enjoys it. One learns from citations and comments that Arnold passed through three distinct phases of disillusionment, "as is commonly enough the case with young men crossing the threshold of manhood:—a disillusionment about love and human relationships; a disillusionment about his powers and his career; and a disillusionment about God and the universe." One learns in the following quotation how he recovered himself:

Without any special reference to chronology, we can find the record in his poems of a gradual spiritual pilgrimage through disillusion to ennui and despair, thence to resignation and stoical endurance, and ultimately to a new kind of courage and hope, denoting a pretty complete moral recovery.

But all this is obviously biographical. It continues the treatment of Arnold's character and career completed in the first chapter. To mistake what one learns about the man who wrote the poems for an acquaintance with the poems he wrote, is a not unnatural result of Mr. Sherman's convincing style, but it is none the less an error. Were there less of an air of finality about the chapter, were it definitely constructed with the purpose of serving as an introduction, were there some suggestion as to what should be read by one who would become acquainted with the personal poems of Arnold, the chapter might act as an inducement. The whole structure of the study, however, encourages the idea that it may be substituted for direct contact with Arnold's personal poems, and this, if taken seriously, would surely be a pity.

The remaining chapters—"Poems of the External World," "Literary Criticism," "Education," "Politics and Society," "Religion"—are not all equally open to the same objection, for there is an occasional slight encouragement to follow up Mr. Sherman's discussion by a reading of Arnold, or it is taken for granted that the poems have been read. The suggestion, however, is always most delicate, and from the beginning to the end of the book there is no clear indication that it is to serve merely as a prolegomenon, or that a wide reading of Arnold is thought necessary. The form of discourse fathers the delusion that the reader is "doing" Arnold. As a text for college classes, accompanied by a wise programme of reading and class discussion, or as a guide to teachers who must get up "background" for a course in Arnold, Mr. Sherman has hit the mark. But I cannot say that "How to Know Him" is clearer to me than it

was. Perhaps, after all, the book is intended as a biography. I am, at all events, more than ever convinced that the art of furthering acquaintance with the best that has been written is an art of arts.

I conclude with the fear that this review fails to convey, in Mr. Sherman's words, "that indispensable personal gusto of the interpreter which excites the envy of the reader, stimulates his curiosity, and makes him feel that, unless he shares it, he is excluded from one of the most exquisite pleasures of the world." If so, a discussion of the content rather than the method of the book might not have led to the same failure. And there were many temptations: Mr. Sherman's easy method of solving the religious problem by moving God from metaphysics to experience, for example; or his interpretation of Arnold's character as winsome; or his tendency, in common with all those who bow the knee as to Pope Arnold, to talk about eternal values as a matter of course. In spite of disagreements, consideration of these matters would have led to the placing of greater emphasis upon the excellences of the book.

Nor could I have been content to speak in mild praise of chapter five, which is an excellent discussion of educational values and of the warfare between the sciences and the humanities, as represented by Spencer and Arnold. If it seemed better on the whole to attack a single bone of contention, this should not be construed as condemning the juiciness of what was left untouched in the dish.

M. C. OTTO.

The Problems of Organization

COMMUNITY. By R. M. Maciver. (Macmillan Co.; \$3.75.)

Mr. Maciver has written an able but disappointing book. It is an able book because Mr. Maciver has thought deeply upon his subject, and he has much to say that is both timely and important. But it is disappointing partly from a certain curious scholasticism of form, and partly from its somewhat colorless character. It suffers from a certain abstractness. Again and again one needs the apt illustration which will serve to drive home the point that has been made. It is a well-arranged book; and a student who is acquainted with the literature of which it is a part can read it with interest and profit. It is, indeed, here that its main value lies. It is nothing so much as an encyclopædia of the problems involved in the fact of human organization. It suggests the kinds of question to which more and more

it is becoming imperative that an adequate theory of the state shall make answer. For, war-time apart, it is very clear that the state no longer commands from its subjects the high respect it formerly possessed. It has become simply one of a great series of public associations, and such other groups as churches and trade unions make incessant demand upon the loyalties of men. The state, indeed, is still the great guardian of public order and the dispenser of justice. But it is increasingly compelled to enter areas of activity where its divinity may well be challenged. The Unionists in Ulster and the I. W. W. in America may well serve to remind us that we live in an age when refusal of obedience to state law is taken almost as a matter of course. The relation of the individual to the state is undergoing a vast change in perspective. It is becoming clear that the primary fact is not the state but society and that it is to the latter that our first loyalty is due. But we greatly need an analysis of the conditions under which men act as members of a group; and to that necessity Mr. Maciver has made a useful contribution.

What I cannot help doubting is whether Mr. Maciver's method is likely to lead to the kind of results we require. The "fundamental laws" which he endeavors to lay down seem to me a little premature at this stage of sociological development. I confess, too, that long discussions of the place of sociology among the sciences seem to me, on the whole, so much beating of the philosophic wind. Let us each say what is within us, and it hardly seems to matter if we appropriate material of which other thinkers are jealously conservative. Methodological discussion is one of the most barren tracts upon which a thinker can wander. It serves every sociological writer as a perpetual King Charles's head. What does it matter how a thinker sets to work, if, as Cromwell said, he has the root of the matter in him? My skepticism about Mr. Maciver's method is of a different kind. It seems to me dubious whether the facts exist which warrant the abstract analysis upon which he has embarked. To take a single example: no one has yet given us an adequate analysis of the psychological factors upon which community rests. The theories of Hobbes and Bentham, of Bagehot and of Tarde, all vanish into nothingness at the subtle touch of Mr. Graham Wallas's dissolving hand. Here, where help is so badly needed, Mr. Maciver has little to give us; sociology is not psychology, and we must not wander outside the province of the sociologist. We want to know what makes a member of the

American Federation of Labor respect the state, and a member of the Confédération Générale du Travail concern himself with denying it. What is the part of habit and of fear in our obedience to law? What kinds of association command our permanent affection, and why? What has been their historical significance? These may not be questions for the sociologist, but it seems to me that these are the questions we want answered.

The most admirable section of Mr. Maciver's book is his discussion of what he calls "false perspectives of community." Here every word that he has to say is golden, and there is not a word too much. He disposes at once of the idea of community as an organism; that very dead horse has a skin which does not repay the cost of removal. He analyzes the idea of a communal will, and decides that it is in reality no more than the action of a number of individual wills directed to a single end. He refuses to look upon community as greater than the sum of its parts. For him the only realities are individuals and this fashionable communalizing is no more than the resurrection of mediæval nominalism. But the problem is in reality much more complex, and it cannot be understood without reference to a considerable juristic literature which, as I suspect, is outside Mr. Maciver's purview. He knows of Maitland's famous introduction to the translation of Gierke, but he does not seem aware that that classic utterance is the beginning and not the end of a literature. No one can really understand the nature of communal action who has not read widely in the English law reports. Why is it that the American courts have been driven to the creation of *de facto* corporations? Why is it that in the Taff Vale case the House of Lords was compelled to recognize an association which Parliament had specifically ordained to be outside the law? Why is it that the courts are increasingly driven to take account of corporate crime? Simply because where men act together they tend to create, to use Professor Dicey's words, "a body which, from no fiction of law, but from the very nature of things, differs from the individuals of whom it is constituted." Our social philosophy must be pragmatic enough to realize that personality is too broad a category to admit only living men. I wish that Mr. Maciver would read the great work of Léon Michoud, or M. Hauriou's fine essay on personality as an element in social organization, and then give us his thoughts on this vital problem. He does not seem to know that M. Duguit has defended the individualist position in half a dozen most

brilliant books, and that M. Duguit in his turn, has been ably attacked from the realist standpoint. It is not quite sufficient to dismiss realism with a smiling reference to the anthropomorphic fancies of St. Paul and the great Nicholas of Cusa. There is still a great deal of valuable truth to be extracted from the bog of mediæval speculation; and one at least of Mr. Maciver's readers is content to regard realism as a pragmatic necessity. The criticism he makes of corporate realism is able within its limits, but it does not cover the necessary ground.

Mr. Maciver has admirably argued that the "true relation of localities to the whole community may be described as federal." It is in just such an aspect of his thought as this that the poverty of abstract analysis becomes most evident. Here is a thesis that admits of the most abundant and incisive illustration. The centralization of modern France has been assailed by jurists and monarchists. It has been made the theme of an admirable and distinguished survey by M. Paul-Boncour. An analysis of its defects would have enabled Mr. Maciver to prove the force of what at present stands in his book less as a conclusion than as a premise. He had admirable material in the relation of the states to Washington, in the growing disorganization of local government in England. The variety of Greece as against the uniformity of Rome Freeman had already demonstrated in the greatest of his encyclopædic monuments and his conclusions ought to find their place in Mr. Maciver's volume.

One last criticism it is worth while making. Mr. Maciver is not a biologist and it is difficult not to read with regret his long discussion of the sociological significance of Weismannism. Whatever may be said of the theoretical parts of the latter's work, his argument against the transmission of acquired characters is admitted as a starting-point of modern studies in heredity. To quote, as Mr. Maciver does, the experiments of Laitinen on infant mortality is to be ignorant of the fact that Professor Karl Pearson, in one of the most brilliant of his essays, has conclusively demonstrated their worthlessness. Acquaintance with the work of the Galton Laboratory would convince him that his attempt to write social progress in terms of environment is a mistaken one. Its importance we may not in any degree deny. But its importance is relative to the material with which it interacts and Mr. Maciver nowhere gives adequate consideration to the hereditary factor.

These are the kind of criticisms anyone who reads Mr. Maciver's book at all carefully will

be impelled to pass. He will recognize its usefulness; but he will regret that it has attempted so immense a superstructure on so narrow, and, often, so insecure, a foundation. I do not doubt that if Mr. Maciver will give us a full analysis of some single aspect of his problem, he will write a very valuable book. For that one must be content to wait. But it is permissible to suggest that future work of this kind will be the more useful and suggestive exactly in so far as it is written from the standpoint of historical experience.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

The Current Drift

LITERATURE IN THE MAKING. Presented by Joyce Kilmer. (Harper & Brothers; \$1.40.)

THE YOUNG IDEA. Compiled with an introductory and concluding essay by Lloyd R. Morris. (Duffield & Co.; \$1.25.)

Here are two books that attempt to trace the current drift in American literature. They have little enough in common except the originating purpose, for they are addressed to different audiences and show a different bias throughout. It is hardly too much to say that Mr. Kilmer speaks confidently to the wide-eyed if not to the open-mouthed; he is the glib and complacent showman; he rests heavily on the Established and does not disdain the Commercial, though he sweeps in the New also as a phenomenon not without its significance for purposes of orientation. He begins, unexceptionably, with Mr. Howells, passes indulgently on to Mr. Chambers, Mr. Rex Beach, and Mr. McCutcheon, and winds up with Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy and Miss Lowell. His book is a compilation of Sunday "specials" that appeared originally in the New York "Times"—a piece of facile journalism, easy, altogether too easy, to read, and not very obviously worth reading. The essays were based on talks with the various writers represented; they flit and skim over the surface of our life without plunging into any of its depths or searching out any of its dark places. Mr. Kilmer, one infers, wanted the art to seduce his subjects into the unguarded fervor of real talk in which revelational hints and flashes might have emerged; they simply discoursed on set themes, not always too happily set, either. The measure of Mr. Kilmer's sensitiveness is sufficiently indicated, for example, by the fact that he talked of sex to Robert Herrick and of Flaubert and genius to Robert Chambers. If one feels that such a choice of topics was fortunate, then one will want to read Mr. Kilmer's book.

Mr. Morris ranged less widely than Mr. Kilmer: he has restricted himself almost entirely to the New, and by that I mean the obviously and rather aggressively New, the self-consciously New, at all events. And since the New in America flows most easily into the forms of verse, he has considered chiefly the poets. He looks for and finds a breaking up of moulds, an overturning of traditions, a preparation for another renaissance of beauty. Whether he really finds much more than a preparation, I don't know; but it is clear enough that he is an optimist and willing to take good intentions at pretty much their face value. He has less the air of being a critic (in spite of a formidable penchant for bristling classifications) than a skirmisher with the advance guard. He finds the fresh drive thoroughly exhilarating and is fairly certain at least that it is mainly a drive in the right direction—that is, a drive toward an art broadly and sincerely expressive of the common lot.

Indeed, if you examine the various credos contributed by such poets as Miss Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, Conrad Aiken, Louis Untermeyer, Max Eastman, and Miss Monroe, you will hear them all repeating in one form or another the conviction that what chiefly marks off our period is the passion for emancipation. The rebels are present in sufficient numbers and are sufficiently eloquent to give the tone to the book and smother the protests of the Traditionalists, who are, on the whole, a less vigorous lot. Romanticism, which is a perfectly natural reaction against the scientific attitude and expresses the age-old revolt of man at the thought of being put too contemptuously in his place, has had a belated rebirth in America, but it is anæmic and scarcely yet articulate. There has been almost nothing of that recrudescence of the tinselled and the meretricious which pessimists looked for as one result of the war, but it is altogether possible that it is still too early and that we are not yet ready for easy consolations masquerading as spiritual elevation. The apostasy of so stout a soul as Mr. Wells warns one not to be over-confident.

Mr. Eastman, who is one of the keenest thinkers and most accomplished critics of the younger group, exhibits the continuing triumph of the realistic attitude and explains the reason for it here with his usual lucidity. We suspect, he says, "everything that is called culture—we suspect it of the taint of pecuniary elegance. We have armed our critical judgment with Thorstein Veblen's 'Theory of the Leisure Class'—perhaps the greatest book of our day, for it combines a

new flavor in literature with a new and great truth in science." If it were not indeed for the enormous influence which he has been able to exercise, directly or indirectly, on the young, one would be inclined to call Mr. Veblen the obscurest great man in America, and to add that his obscurity was a sufficient commentary on our good sense and the measure of our appetite for unpalatable truth; but he is fortunate at least in his prospective heirs and assigns and no man having that happy fate can honestly be called unlucky—even during his lifetime.

If Mr. Morris's book fails to be representative of all aspects of the newer movement, that is, I should think, one of the best things about it. There is, for example, very little of the metaphysical framework with which the various schools and coteries are given to shoring up the artistic structure. Since the metaphysics of the artists is notoriously of a suspicious tenuity and spun besides of the most disparate material, the lack of it is all to the good. The metaphysics of the artists centres usually about form, and since even those who are given to emphasizing form are inclined to admit, with Miss Lowell, that form is relatively unimportant after all, it seems to be more profitable to ignore such discussions and turn again to the spirit.

Here there is, as I have said, a striking unanimity. Mr. Eastman declares that the younger men have "tasted an affirmative and universal sympathy with all realities of life that lies far out and beyond culture in the mind's adventure." Mr. Untermeyer finds the characteristic quality of our time in "its sharp, probing quality, its insatiable curiosity, its determined self-analysis." The poet has been set free from a "preoccupation with a poetic past, from the repeating of echoes and glib superficials." He is free to turn his eyes on the here and now, to express as much truth as he is able to see. As Miss Lowell puts it, the poets to-day "are seeking reality—the greater reality, which includes ideality; they are seeking it through the simplicity and beauty of current speech. . . ." Mr. Aiken finds it chiefly encouraging that poetry has vastly extended its sweep, and he makes the same claim for it that Mr. Wells made some time ago for the novel: that it "should take all life for its province, and all knowledge, too." Since that is certainly an excessive claim to make for poetry in an age when specialization has taken most subjects out of the province of even the amiable general writer in prose, one must interpret the words rather mystically.

But the thing that strikes one as, after all, strangest about these various passionate confessions of faith is that there should be felt to be so pressing a need to defend the claims of truth on our attention. Truth is the beggar-maid and one must apologize for the rags in which she is brought to the feast. How characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon mind that is, and how swiftly illuminating as to the Anglo-Saxon tradition! On the whole, one of the things of which we seem to be most unalterably convinced is the inadequacy of nature to meet the claims of the ideal. It takes a great deal of adornment, of stubborn and even blind idealization, to be quite tolerable. Idealization becomes thus a branch of good form. The effort to abolish this pestiferous dualism by dialectics may be necessary, but how much more persuasive is the innocence of the Russian, who never thinks of apologizing for telling the truth and has always regarded his everyday adventure as the stuff out of which to fashion the most profound and strangely beautiful creations of the modern mind.

GEORGE BERNARD DONLIN.

Mad Shelley as an Heir

SHELLEY IN ENGLAND. By Roger Ingpen.
(Houghton Mifflin Co.; 2 vols. \$5.)

Some years ago Mr. Charles Withall, of Messrs. Withall & Withall, discovered some material relative to the poet Shelley among the papers which had come to the firm from William Whitton, a man long in charge of the legal business of Sir Bysshe and Sir Timothy Shelley. This material he augmented by a further search and arranged with laborious care. In consequence an array of letters, diaries, and other documents was at length turned over to Mr. Roger Ingpen, who had brought out two excellent volumes of the poet's "Letters," to be edited. "The most satisfactory manner of utilizing this material appeared" to Mr. Ingpen "to be that of retelling the story of Shelley's early years, the portion of his life that he passed in England, especially as many new facts have been brought to light since the publication of Professor Dowden's monumental biography of the poet." The task has now been completed.

The initial criticism must be adverse. Mr. Ingpen's materials are of such character as to add substantially to our knowledge of certain aspects and periods of Shelley's life, and to add nothing to others. He should therefore either have published them by themselves with the least possible addition of

familiar matter, or else he should have incorporated them in a new biography. He has halted half way between the two methods. Thus he has treated Shelley's boyhood more fully than his discoveries about it would require; he has, in a sense, brought the story down to the death of the poet's son in 1889; and yet he has all but ignored—perhaps through loyalty to his title—the association with Byron in Switzerland, which belongs to the very years he traces in fullest detail. His work is too bulky for a supplement to Dowden's and too scant for a successor.

He deserves much credit, however, for assembling a variety of information which has been accumulated since Dowden's time. He deserves still more credit for original contributions to our knowledge of Shelley. Most of the contributions could not have been made without a use of the material which Mr. Charles Withall brought to light. This includes twenty-nine of the poet's letters, dating from 1810 to 1818; various pedigrees and legal documents; official papers relating to the inquest on Harriet's body; two letters by Byron; and letters by Sir Timothy, Sir Bysshe, Whitton, Mary Shelley, Peacock, and others. Mr. Ingpen adds extracts from Shelley's notebook, now in the possession of Sir John C. E. Shelley. Of these extracts the most interesting are the notes for the preface of "Adonais" and the early draft of a section of the poem.

The new information does not revolutionize our impressions of Shelley, either as to his temperament or as to the course of his life. It serves rather to clarify details and often allows us to substitute certainty for conjecture. It establishes the fact, for example, that the poet was married to Harriet in Edinburgh; it seems to indicate that in 1815 he acted under an assumed name in performances of Shakespeare on the Windsor stage; and it reveals that he was twice arrested for debt—once in Carnarvon and once in Marlow. Above all, it enables us to thread the complicated mazes of Shelley's long contention with his father.

The character of the dispute has long been familiar. Shelley had already awakened grave disquiet in Sir Timothy when he entered Oxford, and his expulsion on account of his pamphlet on atheism was a shock to his conservative and opinionated father. After Sir Timothy had laid down impossible terms, such as a breach with Hogg and an apology to the authorities at Oxford, and the poet had advanced counter proposals that were equally unacceptable, the estrangement was lessened by the softening processes of time. Shelley

renewed it by his elopement with Harriet. Again it was diminished, and again intensified—this time by the elopement with Mary Godwin. Various monetary arrangements were made, only to be suspended or modified in consequence of what Shelley thought was his father's tyrannical caprice, but what Sir Timothy thought was the demand of prudence and justice. The difficulty was accentuated by the fact that Shelley was to come ultimately into property that belonged to his eccentric, self-willed grandfather, Sir Bysshe, who was out of sympathy with both Sir Timothy and the poet. Mutual inability to accept the other's view made a real accommodation impossible, and even after Shelley's death his widow and his son, the latter now heir to the property, long felt the weight of Sir Timothy's distrust.

Our more minute acquaintance with the struggle brings home to us the pathos of it. Had Sir Timothy dared trust his natural impulses, it is possible that a *modus vivendi*, if not a reconciliation, might have been effected. Certainly much bitterness would have been spared. Sir Timothy trusted a lawyer instead. Whatever Whitton's skill in other respects, he was singularly incapable of understanding Shelley. He pointed out offences against convention, self-interest, family pride,—all of which Shelley heartily despised. He snubbed Shelley, lectured him. He thought it wisdom to wrest from Shelley, by cutting off his resources, the one thing the poet would have at all costs—liberty. No wonder that Shelley, exasperated that his messages to his father must pass through Whitton's hands, to be withheld or forwarded as the lawyer saw fit, sometimes broke into furious invective: "I am not a likely person to submit to the imperious manner of address, of which this evening's letter is a specimen." Again: "William Whitton's letter is conceived [*sic*] in terms which justify Mr. P. Shelley's returning it for his cool reperusal. Mr. S. commends Mr. W. when he deals with gentlemen (which opportunity perhaps may not often occur), to refrain from opening private letters, or impudence may draw down chastisement upon contemptibility." Armed with a missive like one of these ("the most scurrilous letter that a mad viper could dictate"), Whitton experienced no difficulty in extracting from Sir Timothy the decision: "These sallies of Folly and Madness ought to be restrain'd and kept within bounds. Nothing provokes him so much as civility." *Nothing provokes him so much as civility*—a more absolute misinterpretation of a son by a blundering and muddle-headed father has yet

to be recorded. Shelley appealed to his grandfather: "Language is given us to express ideas . . . he who fetters it is a BIGOT and a TYRANT, from these have my misfortunes arisen." Sir Bysshe made it emphatically clear that he thought his grandson "in a state of High rebellion." Shelley, yearning to be understood, wrote secretly to his sister Helen:

Everybody near you says that I have behaved very ill, and that I can love no one. But how do you know that everything that is told you is true? A great many people tell a great many lies, and believe them, but that is no reason that you are to believe them. Because everybody else hates me, that is no reason that you should. Think for yourself, my dear girl, and write to tell me what you think. . . . *Thinking*, and thinking without letting anything but *reason* influence your mind, is the great thing.

No answer came. Sir Timothy had intercepted the letter—and sent it to Whitton.

Mr. Ingpen is to be commended for refraining from sentimentally making out a case for Shelley. For if much may be said for the poet, much also may be said for Sir Timothy—and it is best to set the personalities before us and let them plead for themselves. With less narrow notions of respectability than Sir Timothy entertained, we might still hesitate to stand in the relationship of father to such a man as Shelley. We might doubt the pure reason of a son who would mortgage his future to stem the avalanche of debts contracted by the cold and unforgiving Godwin. We might question the altruism of a son who wrote: "To interest, to fortune I am indifferent" and who denounced institutions, and then shrilly protested in our ears: "You must treat me as a son, and by the common institutions of society your superfluities ought to go towards my support." We might be genuinely puzzled by the logic which would permit such a son, a thorough-going atheist, to address us as follows:

Let us admit even that it is an injury that I have done. . . . Father, are you a Christian? . . . I appeal to your duty to the God whose worship you profess. . . . Father, are you a Christian? Judge not, then, lest you be judged. . . . What! will you not forgive? How then can your boasted professions of Christianity appear to the world, since if you forgive not you can be no Christian? . . . A moral one [atheist] would . . . quietly put in practise that forgiveness which all your vauntings cannot make you exert.

Nor might we, finally, listen with patience to the reproach of a son who had wrecked many a fond hope for us:

This is a cowardly, base, contemptible expedient of persecution: is it not enough that you have deprived me of the means of subsistence (which means, recollect, you *unequivocally* promised), but that you must take advantage of the defencelessness which our relation entails upon me, to *libel* me? Have you for-

gotten what a libel is? or is your memory so very treacherous? . . . You have treated me ill, vilely.

Even had we been so discriminating as to see that Shelley was the most ethereal lyrist and one of the most valiant champions of liberty the nation had produced, we should hardly have deemed him an exemplary son.

So long as the genius has freakish qualities, and other men have worldly qualities, frictionless adjustments will not be the rule. But the contrasts, the oppositions, the antipathies will not often be so stringent as in the example we have studied. Shelley might have cursed the harsh fates for making Sir Timothy his father, and Sir Timothy in turn might have cursed them for making Shelley his son.

GARLAND GREEVER.

Socialism and Christianity

THE CHURCH AND THE HOUR: Papers by a Socialist Churchwoman. By Vida D. Scudder. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.)

The point of view which Miss Scudder here exposes is a most interesting and important one. At present it is not very widely held, but it is probable that as time goes on an increasing number of people will be led to adopt it, for the author finds herself in a predicament in which many others would be if only they saw as clearly as she. Miss Scudder is a descendant of the Puritans, and has retained their old zeal for righteousness and their sense of the importance of religion, but she is also aware of modern problems.

A few years ago, in her book on "Socialism and Character," she traced the history of a "soul"—perhaps her own—which began with the study of the great idealists of the nineteenth century and from them became aware of the existence of the social question. Remedies were sought in philanthropy and reform, but in vain; and she was forced at length to turn to socialism. But no sooner had she done this than she began to feel that modern socialism frequently lacks some of the lofty idealism of her former teachers: if life ever were really as materialistic as some socialists would apparently like to see it, she would not consider it worth living. She became convinced, however, that socialism is not necessarily materialistic, and that it might easily adopt the highest idealism. She maintained that even though one accept the socialist doctrines of the economic interpretation of history and the class struggle, he need not become a helpless materialist; on the contrary, in the Socialist State itself, the lofty

Christian virtues of mercy, poverty of spirit, the apotheosis of suffering, renunciation, and the like would continue to exist transfigured, while Christian doctrines, even such as those of the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Atonement, would remain essential. In fact, socialism being the essence of Christianity, it would continue all the elements which Christians have taught through the ages. She finally found a reconciliation of historical Christian mysticism and modern humanitarianism in something resembling a high-church Episcopalianism.

The present volume unites a number of papers continuing this discussion. Thus on the cover itself we are told that the object of the book is "to promote better understanding between the religious world which fears social revolution and the unchurched world of radical passion which demands it." With this end in view, the author first denounces the modern church for its failure to meet the modern social emergency, and then suggests methods by which this might be done. On the other hand, she protests vigorously when the "Masses" indulges in anti-clerical attacks, saying that "it should be possible to believe people who tell us they see a light we don't, and to accept them courteously as fellow-pilgrims toward the City of Equity." In another essay she discusses why the church does not turn socialist. The answer is found in the statement that the church's business is to cultivate "spiritual values" not "social justice," but, on the other hand, the same individual who is a Christian might and should be a socialist. Finally, in the Introduction, the author collects a number of practical programmes for social reform which have been adopted recently by the General Conventions of the Episcopal Church—"a body usually reckoned one of the most instinctively conservative and aristocratic, but whose recent action at least partially exonerates it from this accusation."

There is much to be said for the point of view set forth in this book: it is certain that if socialism is to win the world it must give a place to religious idealists and mystics like Miss Scudder; it is equally certain that if one practised the ethical teachings of Jesus, he would be a socialist.

But is it also true that a socialist should unite himself with the historical Christian Church? It would be hard for him to answer in the affirmative. There are many features of the church, particularly the Catholic Church, such as its solidarism and catholicity, its internationalism and its teaching of the ultimate equality of all men, which every

socialist would accept; but on a host of other points he would have to differ from it as white differs from black. In their ultimate conceptions of life, the two are diametrically opposed. Thus Christianity bids men "praise God from whom all blessings flow"; socialism bids the "proletarians of the world unite" and seize these blessings for themselves. Christianity teaches that the church goes through three phases—the church militant, the church suffering, the church triumphant; socialism reverses this evolution and says, society suffering, society militant, and society triumphant. Christianity cannot cease asserting that it is a "supernatural" religion; socialism cannot help denying that there is anything supernatural. The church looks above to God for its hope and defence; socialism seeks them in Humanity below. Whatever Jesus may have taught, the Christianity of the church (even Miss Scudder's variety) is hopelessly and fundamentally aristocratic; socialism is democratic. In fine, the great question is, Can a democratic society believe in the Christian God? The question is not settled, but it is one of the most important that we have before us to-day. Any intelligent discussion of it must be of value.

WARD SWAIN.

China and Japan

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.75.)

The world has many reasons for being interested in China. It is the most ancient of nations, being already old when Greece and Rome dominated the Mediterranean. It contains between a fifth and an eighth of the entire population of the globe, and has wielded a cultural influence over a still greater proportion of the human race. Since 1895, and especially since the revolution of 1911-12, it has been undergoing stupendous transformation, involving nothing less than the dissolution of an old civilization and the swift upbuilding of a new one. Finally, its relations with Japan have become one of the most crucial phases of world politics—easily the most crucial aside from the problems raised directly by the world war.

Perhaps a dozen brief histories of China are available in English. Some of them are hastily written and untrustworthy. Some are prejudiced. Some are overloaded with dynastic details, in which the Western reader finds it difficult to become interested. There is, therefore, a place for Mr. Latourette's

"Development of China," which is carefully written, fair, and free from excessive technicalities. Mr. Latourette writes as one who came to know the Chinese language, history, and civilization through years of service in the College of Yale in China. His purpose has been to produce a compact Chinese history which will attract the general reader and at the same time meet the needs of college courses in Oriental Politics and related subjects.

The general reader, at all events, will not regret that the author has chosen to pass very lightly over the narrative of Chinese history prior to the nineteenth century, in order to have space for highly informing chapters on the geographic background of the country's development, the nature of Chinese culture at the beginning of intimate contact with the West, and present-day problems of the young republic. The narrative is carried over the entire stretch from unknown antiquity to 1840 in seventy pages. Yet the essentials are brought out, and the roots of the Chinese national life are satisfactorily laid bare.

Under the changed condition of the world in modern times it was inevitable, Mr. Latourette says, that the ancient Chinese civilization should be superseded—not because it was decadent, but because it was based on a self-contained national existence which is no longer possible. If most of the nineteenth century was an era of stagnation, the fault was that of the ruling Manchu dynasty, not of the people. "One does well to remember that within so short a period as a century and a half ago, when the Manchus were at their height, China was among the best-governed and most highly civilized nations on earth, and that its reputation in the West was such that it was held up by many as an ideal in industry and the arts of living."

The story of the building up of European and American trading interests in China after the Opium War of 1840 has been often told. It contains a good deal that is sordid, yet something of the heroic; and Mr. Latourette has satisfactorily stressed both aspects. Generally satisfactory, too, is his sketch of European and Japanese aggrandizement on Chinese soil between 1894 and 1916. However, the connection between Chinese borrowing in European capitals after the defeat of 1894-5 and the memorable series of concessions of 1898 is not brought out; and while the direful consequences of the country's recent fiscal weakness are emphasized, there is no adequate explanation of the part played

in producing that weakness by the huge and unfair indemnity imposed by the powers after the Boxer uprising of 1900.

The author's interpretation of Japan's course since 1914 is that the Tokio authorities have been resolved to take advantage of the preoccupation of the Western nations to get a grip on China's trade, and even on her governmental affairs, that cannot be broken. "From Japan's standpoint it appears to be a matter of life and death that she be assured an open door to her great neighbor. There is the natural field for her commercial expansion, and without this expansion her future as a great power is dark. China possesses great quantities of coal and iron and a huge population which can be organized into a mighty industrial force. She is potentially a fabulously rich market. What wonder that the Japanese should desire to lead her and to establish that leadership so firmly that it cannot be disputed by the Western powers?"

... The great war offered the opportunity for which she has been looking. While the nations of Europe were busy at home, she could gain so great a hold on her neighbor that they would be forced to recognize it after the war. As an ally of Great Britain she could drive out Germany, and as the price of her aid she could demand a freer hand in China."

The events of the past two and a half years readily bear out this view. In 1914 Japan ruthlessly violated Chinese sovereignty in her campaign against the Germans in Shantung. In 1915 she forced the Peking government to accept a series of political and economic arrangements tantamount to vassalage. In the same year she capped her *rapprochement* with Russia with a strong defensive alliance. Small wonder that China trembles with rage, that Great Britain has grown cool, and that the United States is beginning to realize that her Japanese problem is in China, not California! If China enters the war, she will gain an opportunity for a hearing by the nations; and she may get relief from the present burdens of the Boxer indemnity, extra-territoriality, and the Japanese menace. In any event, her future will give the powers—perhaps most of all the United States—serious thought. The outlook is considered by Mr. Latourette encouraging, provided the huge republic can be assured an opportunity to build up its new government and civilization in its own way.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

James Joyce

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.

By James Joyce. (B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50.)

DUBLINERS. By James Joyce. (B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50.)

In the preface of "Pendennis" Thackeray says: "Since the author of 'Tom Jones' was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a Man. We must drape him and give him a certain conventional simper. Society will not tolerate the Natural in our Art." If Thackeray felt that, why did he not take his reputation and his fortune in his hands and, defying the social restrictions which he deplored, paint us a true portrait of a young gentleman of his time? He might have done much for English art and English honesty. As it was, he did as much as any writer of his generation to fasten on English fiction the fetters of an inartistic reticence. It was only in the last generation that English and Irish novelists, under the influence of French literature, freed themselves from the cowardice of Victorian fiction and assumed that anything human under the sun is proper subject-matter for art. If they have not produced masterpieces (and I do not admit that they have not), they have made a brave beginning. Such a book as "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" would have been impossible forty years ago. Far from looking back with regret at the good old novelists of the nineteenth century (whom, besides, we need never lose), I believe that our fiction is immensely freer and richer than the fiction of our immediate forefathers.

Joyce's work is outspoken, vigorous, original, beautiful. Whether it faithfully reflects Irish politics and the emotional conflicts of the Catholic religion one who is neither Irish nor Catholic cannot judge with certainty. It seems, however, that the noisy controversies over Parnell and the priests in which the boy's elders indulge have the sound of living Irish voices; and the distracted boy's wrestlings with his sins and his faith are so movingly human that they hold the sympathy even of one who is indifferent to the religious arguments. I am afraid that the religious questions and the political questions are too roughly handled to please the incurably devout and patriotic. If they ever put up a statue of Joyce in Dublin, it will not be during his life time. For he is no respecter of anything except art and human nature and language.

There are some who, to turn his own imaginative phrase, will fret in the shadow of his

language. He makes boys talk as boys do, as they did in your school and mine, except that we lacked the Irish imagery and whimsicality. If the young hero is abnormal and precocious, that is because he is not an ordinary boy but an artist, gifted with thoughts and phrases above our common abilities. This is a portrait of an artist by an artist, a literary artist of the finest quality.

The style is a joy. "Cranly's speech," he writes, "had neither rare phrases of Elizabethan English nor quaintly turned versions of Irish idioms." In that Joyce has defined his own style. It is Elizabethan, yet thoroughly modern; it is racily Irish, yet universal English. It is unblushingly plain-spoken and richly fanciful, like Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. The effect of complete possession of the traditional resources of language is combined with an effect of complete indifference to traditional methods of fiction. Episodes, sensations, dreams, emotions trivial and tragic succeed each other neither coherently nor incoherently; each is developed vividly for a moment, then fades away into the next, with or without the mechanical devices of chapter divisions or rows of stars. Life is so; a fellow is pandied by the schoolmaster for no offense; the cricket bats strike the balls, pick, pock, puck; there is a girl to dream about; and Byron was a greater poet than Tennyson anyhow.

The sufferings of the poor little sinner are told with perfect fidelity to his point of view. Since he is an artist his thoughts appropriately find expression in phrases of maturer beauty than the speech of ordinary boys. He is enamored of words, intrigued by their mystery and color; wherefore the biographer plays through the boy's thoughts with all manner of verbal loveliness.

Did he then love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend and colour? Or was it that, being as weak of sight as he was shy of mind, he drew less pleasure from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language many-coloured and richly storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid supple periodic prose?

From the fading splendor of an evening as beautifully described as any in English, he tumbles into the sordid day of a house rich in pawn tickets. That is life. "Welcome, O life!" he bids farewell to his young manhood. "I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race. Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead."

I know nothing of Mr. James Joyce, the man, and I have not yet tried to look up his

history; it is pleasanter to read him first and find out about him afterward. "A Portrait of the Artist" bears the dates, "Dublin, 1904: Trieste, 1914." The first American edition was published last year. One book which I have not seen, "Chamber Music," is not yet printed in this country. The third book, a collection of sketches called "Dubliners," bears only the American dates, 1916, 1917. Is this a man who writes little and writes slowly? Or has he been buried and come to life again? The dates show a writing life of more than ten years, and the writing shows a trained artist, not a casual wanderer into literature.

The sketches in "Dubliners" are perfect, each in its own way, and all in one way: they imply a vast deal that is not said. They are small as the eye-glass of a telescope is small; you look through them to depths and distances. They are a kind of short story unknown to the American magazine if not to the American writer. An American editor might read them for his private pleasure, but from his professional point of view he would not see that there was any story there at all. The American short story is explicit and overdeveloped and thin as a moving-picture film; it takes nothing for granted, except in some of its rapid-fire farcical humor; it knows nothing of the art of the hintful, the suggestive, the selected single detail which lodges fertile in the reader's mind begetting ideas and emotions. America is not the only offender (for patriotism is the fashion and bids criticism relent); there is much professional Irish humor which is funny enough but as subtle as a shillallah. And English short stories, such at least as we see in magazines, are obvious and "express" rather than expressive. Joyce's power to disentangle a single thread from the confusion of life and let you run briefly back upon it until you encounter the confusion and are left to think about it yourself—that is a power rare enough in any literature. I have an impression of having felt that power in some of Gissing's sketches, though that is only an impression which I should not care to formulate as a critical judgment until I had read Gissing again. (A good thing to do, by the way.)

Except one story, "A Painful Case," I could not tell the plot of any of these sketches. Because there is no plot going from beginning to end. The plot goes from the surface inward, from a near view away into a background. A person appears for a moment—a priest, or a girl, or a small boy, or a street-corner tough, or a drunken salesman—and does and says things not extraordinary in

themselves; and somehow you know all about these people and feel that you could think out their entire lives. Some are stupid, some are pathetic, some are funny in an unhilarious way. The dominant mood is reticent irony. The last story in the book, "The Dead," is a masterpiece which will never be popular, because it is all about living people; there is only one dead person in it and he is not mentioned until near the end. That's the kind of trick an Irishman like Synge or Joyce would play on us, and perhaps a Frenchman or a Russian would do it; but we would not stand it from one of our own writers.

JOHN MACY.

NOTES ON NEW FICTION

Count Ilya Tolstoy, like Siegfried Wagner and so many others, will probably suffer from having a genius for a father—suffer from too much blame or too much praise. The hasty will endow him with his father's stature or censure him for not attaining to that stature. In any case, comparison is inevitable. "Visions" contains five war stories and four stories of Russian life; and in reading the former, the reviewer inevitably recalled the father's Sebastopol sketches—those sketches that reveal such a change in the writer's outlook. In many respects the matter is similar; there are the same numerous pictures of the wounded and dying, of the agony in the hospitals; but the son's manner is never truly Tolstoyan. It is intrinsically the modern, introspective Russian manner—not great but simply good. There is some of the father's ability as a reporter (so wonderfully exemplified in the Sebastopol pieces), but nowhere does this attain the impressive and the grand.

The tale called "The Little Green Stick" is an attempt to answer the question so often asked the count: "What would your father say about the war if he were living to-day?" His father is buried in the woods about a mile from his home at Yasnaya Polyana. In this place, says the tale, is buried a little green stick on which is written a word that will render all men brothers and all people happy. This "sacred coveted word will some day be heard. The little green stick is there; its power must manifest itself upon the earth." But now its voice is drowned by the roar of the war. (James B. Pond; \$1.35.)

The Findlaters are quite themselves in their latest stories, "Seen and Heard, Before and After 1914": dear Scotch ladies, conscientious workmen, indulging ever and anon in deliciously amusing moralizings. We never read a book of theirs without recalling Nora Archibald's sketch of them, sitting down together at the big table to write, each undisturbed by the other's rustling and fluttering. Their stories, here as elsewhere, are interesting bits of reality from Scotch backwaters, with shiftless, wandering tinkers, a chimney sweep, and a simple farmer for the chief figures in the ante-bellum

sketches; and a recruit who is not a recruit, an old plumber who returns to work and life when war takes away his young competitors, and two old spinsters who through loss of income are forced to work and thereby achieve happiness and sanity as the outstanding figures of the war time. Mary contributes but one tale to the collection, that of the two spinsters, and she writes with the more trenchant realism. Both write however in the old-fashioned way, where thoughts, sentences, paragraphs, and story are all nicely rounded out, a thoroughness enlightened by the caustic Scotch humor. (Dutton; \$1.50.)

In "Flame and the Shadow-Eater" (Holt; \$1.40) Henrietta Weaver endeavors to put the philosophy of Persia before the reader in allegorical tales which emphasize the weariness and servitude imposed by many possessions, the blindness of materialism, the glory of self-sacrifice, and the beauty of kindness and brotherly love. The stories are told in a supposedly oriental style; they offer us ethereal creatures who wing their way hither and discover the emptiness of earthly love, a king who gives up his kingdom after discourse with the gods, and a prince who seeks far and wide to know whether man is immortal; in short, they solve metaphysical questions by the dozen. The only trouble with such a book is that only the ethereal-minded will read it, while the light-minded, the serious-minded, and the materialist go on their way rejoicing.

"An Alabaster Box," by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Florence Morse Kingsley (Appletons; \$1.50), belies its title, its jacket, and its apparent intentions by being, not a rather crude detective story, but a highly amusing, well-written story of New England life and character. The heroine appeared one fine day in the town of Brookfield, put life into a church fair, paid the minister's salary, and settled down as benefactress to the struggling village, which fifteen years previously had been ruined by the convincing charm and the financial acquisitiveness of one Andrew Bolton. The tale is extraordinarily true to village life, with its petty gossip, its importance over trifles, its stiff-necked pride, and its humor, conscious and unconscious.

Each must do his bit and in doing it he will achieve the salvation of his own soul—save it from fatty degeneration. This is the point made by Leonid Andreyev in "The Confessions of a Little Man During Great Days" (Knopf; \$1.35)—Andreyev, the author of "The Red Laugh"! The hero is a clerk in Petrograd, who lays bare his soul in a diary which extends from August, 1914, until January, 1916. The diary tells us how he was gradually forced from selfish contentment into happy service for his country—from self-centred individualism into a whole-hearted willingness to be just a cell in the Russian organism. Following the loss of relatives and position, Dementev (the clerk) is brought through grief and self-pity into pity for others, and eventually into that larger pity which expresses itself in serving the people. Andreyev's genius for analysis attains an intensity at times that is fairly hypnotic. The diary sets be-

fore us a man undergoing horrible moral torture. Fear, especially, is avowed and shown in all its ugliness. Dementev tells of nervous crises which assail him at night; unforgettable pages are devoted to the description of all that passes through the mind of the unhappy man, an ordinary man, timid and feverish, depressed by the feeling of his solitude and the indifference of a world at war, and then uplifted by the joy caused by sentimental sacrifice. But the analysis is not all. There are moments of great poetic freshness—pages of lyric beauty with accents exultant or despairing, as in the vivid pictures of springtime in Petrograd, or the moonlit city, still and mysterious and fearful, or the scene in the depot where the wounded soldiers arrive.

Frederick Orin Bartlett's tale, "The Triflers," is well named. Throughout the book Monte and Marjory advance and retreat, love and languish, waiting in agony for the last chapter to put them out of their misery. Peter did his best to make them see clearly, but Monte and Marjory shut their eyes to facts without sense or reason. It is puzzling that the Peter's of fiction should be generally condemned to self-sacrifice and patient suffering. There must be something fatal about the name. Mr. Bartlett has so much skill and charm, his style is so clear and pleasing that some day he will surely write a less trifling book. (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.40.)

Frankly sentimental books often disarm the worldly-wise by simple charm. Katherine Haviland Taylor has done this in her first book. Apart from minor faults—such as dragging the unwarned reader too suddenly from one scene to another, and frequent repetition of the same word in a paragraph—"Cecilia of the Pink Roses" is as sweet and fresh as the flowers themselves. (Doran; \$1.25.)

The rake and the recluse have always fascinated women. Leslie Moore's preference appears to lean toward men compelled to shut themselves from the world, yet willing to re-enter it hand in hand with a lady. Charm, lightness, deft love-making, delightful descriptions of "the nice, fresh, cool, clean country" are combined into a delicate pot pourri of a book. "Antony Gray,—Gardener" (Putnam's; \$1.50) is an excellent specimen of its type.

"You rarely see an American man who looks as if he had ancestors. We usually appear to have been made in a hurry." Thus Mr. Lawrence Byrne sums up, unconsciously, the fault of his novel, "The American Ambassador." (Scribner's; \$1.35.) John T. Colborne is an unusual specimen of "Shirtleeve Diplomacy," shrewd and homely, intelligent and forceful. Had the author taken greater pains to create him and build up a story revealing his abilities, the result would have been more refreshing.

Cruelty, cunning, superstition, fantasy—these are the impressions given by "The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills." While the soul of the Far East still remains an unsolved mystery, in spite of Edith Wherry's painstaking and sympathetic study of the Chinese, her story of the evolution of the kidnapped child lifts the book above the commonplace. (Lane; \$1.40.)

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS

AT PLATTSBURG. By Allen French. Scribner's; \$1.35.

The wrapper compares Mr. French's book to Captain Ian Hay Beith's now famous "First Hundred Thousand." And the comparison has its justification. The humors, the pleasures, and the trials of military training everywhere differ only in degree. Mr. French is facile and vivacious, except in his unhappy stiffening of love story and melodrama. But Ian Hay is a veteran novelist; he puts real character into his soldiers and officers; he has "done up" the British amateur fighter as Kipling long ago "did up" the professional.

It is a play-time Plattsburg which Mr. French has described so agreeably,—a Plattsburg already past,—a stepping-stone toward the universal American army, which in turn will do away with all such effervescences. That old Plattsburg was unique, and a unique success. Good, wholesome Americans who could conveniently spare the time and money—as well as some who could not—drifted in on Pullmans for a month, worked hard, and were photographed continuously. The tired business man found a new and novel relaxation in permitting his every move to be bossed by young Second Lieutenants fresh from the Point. And he found that that bossing was done remarkably well. And the tired business man's juniors rivalled one another in "military efficiency" to win promotion and the right to wear the coveted chevrons during the final week. The arrangements and the equipment were of the best—while the militia on the border went without. There was no pay, but prospects of a refund if only Congress—Congress was early recognized as the perpetual stumbling block in the way of all reforms—would pass the Army Appropriation Bill, and let the army have what it needed. Moreover, there was the ultimate goal of a Reserve Commission, opportunity for a man to use his brains and knowledge in the service of his country.

The "rookies" were a picked lot; so perhaps were the officers detailed to the camp. At any rate mutual appreciation grew apace. But most of all was General Wood respected. To him was due the camp and the whole great effort which it typified. And in the meantime, rumors—although the day's work and its novelties were generally more interesting than rumors—occasionally flitted through the camp, rumors of General Wood's disfavor at Washington, of efforts made there to wreck his camp (after the previous summer had proved its success) by taking away its best officers. Theodore Roosevelt visited the camp; so did a plethora of college presidents; and the Secretary of War finally came to make a somewhat perfunctory speech. So ended that bold and successful effort to make America know its army. General Wood was beheaded six months afterwards, but too late. Things have started; the war we are now in only came to quicken them. Every line of Mr. French's book shows it.

LLOYD GEORGE: The Man and His Story. By Frank Dilnot. Harper; \$1.

Nothing makes and unmakes careers like war; and when the present conflagration is over it will be interesting to reckon up its tale of humble men exalted and mighty men abased. One thing that the conflict has already done is to lay hold of a vivacious and daring Welshman, who as early as 1908 had risen from obscurity to the control of a great national treasury, and make of him the dictator of the British Empire. How this came about—and, indeed, the whole fascinating record of the British Premier's career—is splendidly told in Mr. Dilnot's book. Mr. Dilnot has had first-hand acquaintance with British politics and political leaders for two or three decades, and he has written a substantial book on the dramatic contest over the Lloyd George budget of 1909. The present biography is a simple chronicle, highly laudatory, yet hardly more than the subject seems to demand. For it is difficult to exaggerate the achievement that is represented in Mr. Lloyd George's rise to his present position. Born of humble parents, left fatherless at the age of three, educated in the rough-and-ready way of the Welsh back-country, trained for the law, forcing his way from a penniless practitioner to a successful barrister, entering politics, going to Parliament, becoming a minister, ramming down the throats of the vested interests the most radical financial reform known to the history of the country, rapidly absorbing leadership under the stress of the world war, called to Buckingham palace and asked to form a ministry, rallying the forces of a disorganized nation against a still powerful and unbeaten enemy, and guiding the destinies of a great empire almost single-handed—Lloyd George has a career that at many points runs astonishingly parallel to that of our own Lincoln. There is little to criticize in Mr. Dilnot's book. No attempt has been made to write history in the large or with finality, and no one will quarrel with the few somewhat doubtful generalizations that appear. The story is told simply and directly, with much of the flavor of Welsh and English life.

SOME RUSSIAN HEROES, SAINTS AND SINNERS. *Legendary and Historical.* By Sonia E. Howe. Lippincott; \$2.50.

The pursuit of finding counterparts and parallels in history becomes particularly fascinating when one begins to speculate about Russia. In reading Mrs. Howe's volume, one is constantly reminded that racial characteristics do not radically change, and that the great Russian leaders of to-day are of the same flesh and blood, are the spiritual descendants, as it were, of those portrayed in this book.

Mrs. Howe, in preparing these sketches, has consulted mainly Russian authorities, and has dipped into legend as well as history. She has the gift of painting her characters with vividness, almost as if she had known them face to face: the terrible Ivan, the staunch Yermak, and the pious Boywiyinia Morozov become astonish-

ingly real. One gets a sense that Russian history has always been an ebb and flow, a series of actions and reactions. No matter how complete a victory seemed, there was always a leader of another faction to stir up trouble. Popularity has ever been ephemeral. One instinctively draws comparisons. An observant English ambassador in the sixteenth century remarked that the stuff of which Russians were made was good—it was the conditions which needed changing. The great military leader, Yermak, was confronted with a perpetual struggle to maintain the *morale* of his men. The Russians have always displayed courage and endurance, and in prehistoric times a Greek writer said they were conquerable only because of their internal dissensions.

Mrs. Howe wrote this book, of course, before the late Russian revolution. She promises to write further of Russia, and we may hope for some interesting interpretations of modern conditions. Meantime, she has written with authority of Russian history, a task for which she is suited by temperament and intellect, for, to quote the poet, "Faith alone can fathom Russia."

THE ISSUE. By J. W. Headlam. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.

Speculation concerning Germany's intentions in war and in peace provides a never-ending source of intellectual or emotional stimulus. Mr. Headlam ought to be one of the best equipped of Englishmen to give the material for such speculation. Certainly he is thoroughly sane. In his recent collection of articles he examines Germany's intentions as they have been expressed in the manifestoes of the six Industrial Associations, and of the German professors, which were suppressed by the government on account of their ill-timed appearance; in the speeches of the Chancellor; in the words of Prince Bülow concerning peace; and in the writings of Dr. Naumann concerning the establishment of a Central European state. The significance of these collected utterances lies in their virtual agreement and their indubitably representative nature. They agree in their determination that Germany's next war shall not be fought on her own frontiers, but on the frontiers of those dependent countries which she shall have "attracted" to her own industrial domination. Germany repudiates the word "annexation"; her position after peace is to be that of the larger astral body that draws toward itself numberless stars of lesser magnitude. She does not ask for annexation—out of deference to the susceptibilities of her own Socialists—but for "guarantees." That is, she will establish a nominally autonomous Belgium, Poland, and so on, with industrial, financial, and military dependence upon herself. She will remove the French "peril" by taking over the rich industrial districts of Northern France, and the Russian "peril," by drawing all Poland under her beneficent wing. The difficulty of government she will settle by removing the inhabitants of these conquered regions and by transporting thither well-trained German citizens, making the conquered

countries pay the cost. Thus will she guarantee herself security.

This is virtually the same issue that was raised by M. Chéradame's "Pan-German Plot Unmasked." The emphasis and the proofs in the two books are different, but the facts are the same. Mr. Headlam urges that the war go on until Germany is crushed. He believes that the feeling which the manifestoes represented is growing weaker with each month of warfare, and that the repudiation of their government by the people themselves can only be accomplished through decisive military disaster. That may be true; but it is at least open to question whether the people will not be more crushed in the process of defeat than the government and the autoeracy which were responsible for their disaster.

MASTERPIECES OF MODERN SPANISH DRAMA.

Edited by Barrett H. Clark. Duffield; \$2.

It cannot be said that Mr. Barrett H. Clark's collection of three "Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama" offers much that is stimulating to readers who are at all familiar with modern plays. Echegaray's "The Great Galeoto" is already known through previous translations and public readings; "The Duchess of San Quentin," by Galdós, seems a little facile, theatrical, and old-fashioned, like some of the once "daring" works of Strindberg, revived and translated a decade after the wind had been taken out of their sails by still more advanced innovators; Guimerá's "Daniela" alone, translated from the Catalan by John Garrett Underhill, comes to us with all the force of a new sensation, and this by virtue of the profound and tragic poetry of its theme. That "The Duchess of San Quentin" does not greatly move us is no doubt due to its being a social comedy hinged upon conditions that have largely ceased to obtain in the great world; it is a stage play that hardly transcends these conditions. "Daniela," on the other hand, the story of the *peccadora* who returns from the scene of her triumphs to the little Catalan village where she was born and where she longs to regain before her death some of the innocence of her childhood, is of the great order, not least in the impressive art with which the author has conveyed the primitive atmosphere of peasant psychology across which the personality of his heroine passes like a meteor only to be engulfed in the end. For this play at least we are indebted to the editor and the translator.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER. By James Morris Morgan. Houghton Mifflin; \$3.

"Dumas would have woven a three volume novel from this stirring book of reminiscences," say the publishers of Mr. Morgan's autobiography. For once the publishers are right. Or rather may we say that the narrative itself is as absorbing as Dumas would have made it, and has all the earmarks of actuality besides. Without literary pretence, with slips here and there in the details of style, it yet has about it a straightforwardness, a veracity, a genuineness of speaking right on that

makes it in its way a masterpiece. Mr. Morgan was born with a roving, adventurous disposition. He came of a good family. He was gifted with an extraordinary sense for the significant and picturesque elements of any situation in which he found himself. As a result of these qualities he has had a strenuous career, met interesting people, and observed as many aspects of life on this planet as could well come to anyone's knowledge in three score years and ten. As a midshipman aboard the old "Constitution," he was associated with four of the future captains who played leading parts in the destruction of Cervera's fleet. Resigning at the outbreak of the Civil War, he served for a time along the Mississippi; was rescued from a romantic plight at Charleston by the future Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, whose daughter he was to marry; engaged in remarkable exploits aboard the commerce raider, "Georgia"; assisted in the defence of Richmond; and escorted Mrs. Jefferson Davis, to whom he was related by marriage, in her flight from the city. After holding for a few years a commission in the army of the Khedive of Egypt, he settled in South Carolina in time to receive the full benefits of the hell of reconstruction. Connection with the silver mines of Mexico, a consulship in Australia, and a mission to Panama at the time of the revolution are possibly the most interesting of his remaining experiences. His narrative is frank and relieved with humor, and the breadth of outlook it displays gives it value as a historical document.

THE CELTIC DAWN. By Lloyd R. Morris. Macmillan; \$1.50.

"The Celtic Dawn," an adaptation of one of W. B. Yeats's happy phrases, is not itself the happiest title that Mr. Morris might have found for his book; but the book itself, the work of an American student, is perhaps the most comprehensive of all the recent surveys of the Irish renaissance. And it differs to advantage from most American surveys in rather under-emphasizing than otherwise the purely æsthetic aspect of that wonderful transformation of a small nationality so intimately related to our own republic that, as the case is apt to be with members of a common family, we have most appreciated its less essential excellences. What interests us in the new Ireland is no longer the shadow-literature that so charmed the world a dozen years ago; it is the reality that has emerged from the shadow, and the pungent, ironic, realistic, tragic personal attitudes to which this reality has given birth. Mr. Morris, while entirely just to Yeats as a poet, is just also to Yeats's negative and life-denying philosophy: it is a pity that he has included in his account of the minor poets two or three at least who are entitled to the distinction only because they are blessed with Celtic names and an infinite capacity for pseudo-Celtic wool-gathering. Mr. Morris is particularly happy in his characterizations of A.E., Synge, and James Stephens, but we miss that recent remarkable apparition James Joyce, and is it the part of good taste to take "Fiona

Macleod," that Highland echo, so seriously? Might we not have had a still more detailed account of "John Eglinton," a rare mind certainly, a unique figure in modern criticism, whose writings should long before this have been brought before the American public?

IN CANADA'S WONDERFUL NORTHLAND. By W. Tees Curran and H. A. Calkins. Putnam; \$2.50.

When it is borne in mind that the Province of Quebec alone is larger than Great Britain, France, Spain, and Germany combined, and that its resources are as yet only vaguely suspected, Mr. W. Tees Curran and Mr. Harold A. Calkins, explorers of the coast region bordering the south-eastern portion of Hudson Bay, are found to be justified in naming the account of their expedition "In Canada's Wonderful Northland." So impressed are they with the agricultural and other possibilities of this region that Mr. Curran confidently predicts the early building of the largest grain storehouses in the world on the shores of Hudson Bay, and the establishment of steamship lines between there and European ports. In an earlier work of his issued by the Canadian government and entitled "Glimpses of Northern Canada, a land of Hidden Treasure," which he tells us, with manifest exaggeration, "found its way into every public library, both at home and in foreign lands," he described his first impressions of this vast and little-explored territory. His later book continues the description of the marvellous virgin land awaiting development. As far north as the Nastapoka River he and his party pushed their explorations, and the varied and well-written narrative has all the illustrations and maps that could be desired, though no attempt has been made to mark the route followed. Such graphic itinerary would have been a help to the reader. The book prefigures, in all likelihood, a remarkable expansion northward in the near future.

GREAT INSPIRERS. By J. A. Zahm. Appleton; \$1.50.

The "woman in the case" in Dr. Zahm's "Great Inspirers" exerts no baleful influence; on the contrary, she is the moving spirit to noble achievement. St. Jerome's benefactress and powerful aid, Paula, mother of Blesilla and Eustochium, and grandmother of the younger Paula, all of whom were his devoted disciples and able assistants; and Beatrice, adored and idealized by Dante—these are the chief figures in the book, the inspirers of great men and thus, by a reflected light, great themselves. But Paula and her daughters were remarkable in themselves, and Beatrice, viewed as a veritable personage, as Dr. Zahm would have her viewed, and not as a poetic abstraction, must have possessed a rare nobility of soul. The book is a thoughtful and scholarly production, and illustrates anew its author's variety of learning and range of interests. To many he is better known under his pseudonym, "H. J. Mozans," as the writer of several fascinating books of travel and a work on "Woman in Science."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN NOTTINGHAM-SHIRE. By J. B. Firth. Macmillan; \$2.

Nottingham, according to an eighteenth-century authority, "may be called, as a man may say, Paradise Restored, for here you find large streets, fair built houses, fine women, and many coaches rattling about, and their shops full of all merchantable riches." This pleasant town, with the region about it, forms the subject of the latest addition to the "Highways and Byways" series that has already given us agreeable descriptions of many other English counties. Wide valleys, broad meadows, the famous Sherwood Forest (what is left of it), old castles and abbeys and churches,—of such matters does the book treat in a readably discursive fashion, with a copious fund of anecdote, tradition, metrical lore, and curious family history. Mr. Frederick L. Griggs contributes excellent drawings in profusion, and good maps are supplied.

SI BRIGGS TALKS. By Madeline Yale Wynne. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25.

That free verse still remains in the fluid, formative stage is the impression left by this little book of sketches and anecdotes of New England life and character. Any new hand, it would seem, may give this now popular form a light touch as it spins, like a vase on the potter's wheel, through a series of novel, if ephemeral, shapes; and Mrs. Wynne's touch—in this field, as in many others she has entered—is not only light, but deft, confident, and original. She adds rhyme at her pleasure, and even rhyme within rhyme. A system of carefully carried out indention keeps the reader constantly advised as to the progress of the rhyme-scheme. The following ten-line poem shows, within narrow limits, the newest efflorescence of *vers libre*:

You could n't faze Uncle Sid.

They tell this yarn

On him: One day Hiram, Uncle Sid's hired man,
Went out to the barn
And hung himself to a beam.

A neighbor found him, and ran
In and told Uncle Sid.

He jest shook his head

And said,

"Wall, wall, what'll Hiram do next, I wonder!"

Rhyme, it will be seen, follows indention, just as "trade follows the flag." And, "No indention, no rhyme"; just as the earlier New England once declared, "No representation, no taxation." Some of these small, quaint pieces have the fortune to end rhyme-wise, when the adaptability of this method for closing a pointed anecdote with an epigrammatic crack of the whip becomes quite apparent. The following lines wind up a debate on Sabbath-breaking among gardeners:

I've often tried

But never yet have seed

The difference between

A-flickin' off a worm

And a-snakin' out a weed.

The elaborate scheme of illustration is more notable for consistency than for strength.

HYGIENE IN MEXICO. By Alberto J. Pani. Putnam's; \$1.50.

The present political and social conditions in Mexico, even under the most optimistic interpretation, can hardly be considered promising for fruitful scientific or social endeavor. Hence our surprise at this seriously intelligent study of the sanitary problems of the afflicted capital city and of the still more fundamental educational problems upon whose prior solution any considerable sanitary improvement in the state must ultimately rest. The literacy of the Mexican population as a whole is only about thirty per cent. Obviously compulsory primary education must precede the compulsory sanitation which the author proposes for every city in which "the mortality shall exceed the maximum limit of tolerated contamination." The mortality in Mexican cities is nearly three times that in our own cities. The work deals more with the author's hopes for future achievements than with past accomplishments. The problem as he conceives it consists in "hygienizing the population, physically and morally, and in endeavoring, by all available means, to improve the precarious economical situation of our proletariat." Hygiene in our sister would-be republic is evidently synonymous with universal social uplift. A Gallic fervor for system and for a well-expanded and rounded-out scheme for the hygienic redemption of the state permeates the work. Señor Pani's treatise on public hygiene in Mexico is like unto a shoot out of dry ground. Let us hope it is an omen of better days to come in that troubled land, and a forecast of the intellectual and scientific awakening which must prepare the way for the coming Mexican social renaissance.

THE MIRROR OF GESTURE. The Abhinaya Darpana of Nandikesvara. Translated by Ananda Coomaraswamy and Gopala Krishnaya Duggirala. Harvard University Press.

The best of the European actors and actresses to whom are dedicated the curious pages of the Indian "Mirror of Gesture" cannot but be grateful for the high ideal of their art here set forth with a sincerity half concealed by oriental subtlety. According to the preface by Ananda Coomaraswamy, the volume is merely an introduction "to Indian dramatic technique and to oriental acting in general," brought out in English not so much to be a pattern for occidental actors as to inspire them "with the enthusiasm and the patience needful for the recreation of the drama" in the western world. Nothing in this ancient "deliberate art" "is left to chance," nothing is changed in the ritual of the legitimate Hindu drama as it passes down from age to age, ignoring the claims of its finite interpreters, demanding of them, indeed, a self-discipline and a submission to studied forms far more complete than Europe has ever understood or admitted. Consequently each exhibition of the actor's skill is "altogether independent of his own emotional condition"; he is never allowed to exploit his theme for personal effect, as is too often done by our contemporary stars.

Dramatic interpretation in India, however, is by no means so stiff and lifeless as its traditional technique might seem to imply; it "wears an air of perfect spontaneity," although "hardly a position of the hands or of the body . . . has not a recognized name and a precise significance." Science, therefore, together with art, is at the basis of the "Mirror of Gesture"—a science of expression much more fundamentally studied than anything our schools have yet produced. "The four aims of human life—virtue, wealth, pleasure, and spiritual freedom"—are expressed through observation of human habits combined with archaeological study of ancient symbols and traditional modes of thought. Behind them all is the wonderful quiet of the reflective oriental mind, which compares its pure god to an actor-dancer.

ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY. By Waldo H. Dunn. Dutton; \$1.50.

Seventh in the series entitled "The Channels of English Literature" comes Professor Dunn's study of English biography, a work of careful research and also the first formal treatise on its subject. It does for English biography what another pioneer work of a few years ago did for autobiography; we mean Mrs. Burr's treatise on that theme. It traces the rise and growth of biography in our language and supplies references for those who wish to push their inquiries further. Its methodical procedure is seen at the very outset in the ten pages of Introduction devoted to an elucidation of the meaning of "biography." Then follows the orderly survey of the field, with two chapters given to autobiography as a species of biography, and with considerations of "problems and tendencies of the present," a comparative view of biographical works, and a glance at English biography as literature. The author names Xenophon's "Memorabilia" as "the first specimen of deliberate biography"—a rather unexpected characterization of those fragments of Socratic wisdom and habit of life. In its appended matter and its index the book maintains the scholarly system with which it begins. It is a useful manual, welcome to the lovers of one of the most fascinating departments of literature.

Mr. Hankey's theme in "A Student in Arms" (Dutton; \$1.50) is the growth of spiritual strength in the peoples at war. We see the trenches as a great melting pot, where the Cockney is glorified, the ordinary Englishman learns to philosophize, Oxford is taught to be on time, the practical man of affairs learns from the Oxford product the art of living, and the church learns how to reach men's hearts. Mr. Hankey scores three kinds of war literature: journalistic or heroic, written by men who make copy out of soldier's blood, comic sketches, and stories by ladies who portray the soldier as a curly-haired darling. For his part, the author treats the subject in a matter-of-fact way, which, by its very rarity, becomes effective. The few pages of heroics are forceful and veracious.

Books for Summer Reading

THE DIAL offers herewith a list of outstanding books published during the spring of 1917, assuming that it will be understood that such lists are suggestive rather than final.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

- The Notebooks of Samuel Butler**, with an introduction by Francis Hackett. Dutton; \$2.
Figures of Several Centuries. Arthur Symonds. Dutton; \$2.50.
Creative Criticism: Essays on Unity of Genius and Taste. J. E. Spingarn. Holt; \$1.20.
Twilight in Italy. D. H. Lawrence. Huebsch; \$1.50.
The Journal of Leo Tolstoy, edited by V. Tchertkov. Knopf; \$2.
The Spirit of Modern German Literature. Ludwig Lewisohn. Huebsch; \$1.
The Journal of an Author. Fyodor Dostoevsky. Luce; \$1.25.
The Celtic Dawn. Lloyd R. Morris. Macmillan; \$1.50.
A Life of Swinburne. Edmund Gosse. Macmillan; \$1.50.
My Reminiscences. Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan; \$1.50.
A Life of Henry D. Thoreau. F. B. Sanborn. Houghton Mifflin; \$3.
Herbert Spencer. Hugh Elliott. Holt; \$2.
Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton. Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton Ricketts. Putnam's; 2 vols., \$7.50.
Shelley in England. Roger Ingpen. Houghton Mifflin; \$5.

HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- The History of the United States**, Vol. IV. Edward Channing. Macmillan; \$2.50.
Treitschke's History of Germany in the 19th Century, Vols. II and III, each \$3.25. McBride.
Studies in the Problem of Sovereignty. Harold J. Laski. Yale University Press; \$2.50.
Modern Russian History. Alexander Kornilov. Knopf; \$5.
Imperial Germany. Prince Bernard von Bülow. Dodd, Mead; \$2.
Economic Development of Modern Europe. Frederic Austin Ogg. Macmillan; \$2.50.
Creative Intelligence: Essays in the Pragmatic Attitude. John Dewey and Others. Holt; \$2.
The Order of Nature. Lawrence Joseph Henderson. Harvard University Press; \$1.50.
The Philosophy of William James. T. Flournoy. Translated by Edwin B. Holt and William James, Jr. Holt; \$1.40.

DRAMA AND THE STAGE.

- Plays**. Emile Verhaeren. Houghton Mifflin.
The Contemporary Drama of Ireland. Ernest A. Boyd. Little, Brown; \$1.25.
Comedies of Words and Other Plays. Arthur Schnitzler. Stewart & Kidd; \$1.50.
Dramatic Works (Vol. VII). Gerhart Hauptmann. Huebsch; \$1.50.
La Pecadora-Daniela. Angel Guimerá. Putnam's.
Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama. Barrett H. Clark. Duffield; \$2.
The Open Air Theatre. Sheldon Cheney. Mitchell Kennerly; 75 cts.

BOOKS BEARING ON WAR AND PEACE.

- An Inquiry into the Nature of Peace and the Terms of its Perpetuation**. Thorstein Veblen. Macmillan; \$2.
Why Men Fight: A Method of Abolishing the International Duel. Bertrand Russell. Century; \$1.50.
The War of Democracy, with an Introduction by Viscount Bryce. Doubleday, Page; \$2.
The Issue. J. W. Headlam. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.
Central Europe. Friedrich Naumann. Knopf; \$2.
American World Politics. Walter E. Weyl. Macmillan; \$1.50.
Germany's Commercial Grip of the World. Henri Hauser. Scribner's; \$1.65.
Essays in War-Times: Further Studies in the Task of Social Hygiene. Havelock Ellis; \$1.50.
Journal of Small Things. Helen MacKay. Duffield; \$1.35.
"The War, Madame." Paul Géraudy. Scribner's; 75 cts.

POETRY.

- Merlin**. Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan; \$1.25.
Afternoon. Emile Verhaeren. Putnam's; \$1.
Livelihood: Dramatic Reveries. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Macmillan; \$1.25.
Peacock Pie. Walter de la Mare. Holt; \$2.
War Flames. John Curtis Underwood. Macmillan; \$1.35.
Asphalt and Other Poems. Orrick Johns. Knopf; \$1.25.
An April Elegy. Arthur Davison Ficke. Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.25.
Some Imagist Poets, 1917. Houghton Mifflin; 75 cts.
The New Poetry, An Anthology. Edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. Macmillan; \$1.50.
The Broken Wing. Sarojini Naidu. Lane; \$1.25.
Lines Long and Short. Henry B. Fuller. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25.
Lollington Downs. John Masefield. Macmillan; \$1.25.
Life Sings a Song. Samuel Hofferstein. Wilmarth Publishing Co.; \$1.
The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker. Doubleday, Page; \$2.
Love Poems. Emile Verhaeren. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25.
The Poetic Year for 1916: A Critical Anthology. William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard; \$2.

OUTSTANDING FICTION.

- The Eternal Husband**. Fyodor Dostoevsky. Macmillan; \$1.50.
The Bulwark. Theodore Dreiser. Lane; \$1.75.
The Shadow-Line. Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page; \$1.35.
A Diversity of Creatures. Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page; \$1.50.
His Family. Ernest Poole. Macmillan; \$1.50.
The Amethyst Ring. Anatole France. Lane; \$1.75.
The Bracelet of Garnets and Other Stories. Alexander Kuprin. Scribner's; \$1.35.
Pelle the Conqueror. Martin Andersen Nexø. Holt; 4 vols., each \$1.50.
The Purple Land. W. H. Hudson. Dutton; \$1.50.
The Created Legend. Feodor Sologub. Stokes; \$1.35.
Tales of the Revolution. Michael Artzibasheff. Huebsch; \$1.50.
Second Youth. Allan Updegraff. Harper; \$1.35.
A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. James Joyce. Huebsch; \$1.50.
Dubliners. James Joyce. Huebsch; \$1.50.
The Chosen People. Sidney L. Nyburg. Lippincott; \$1.40.
The Unwelcome Man. Waldo Frank. Little, Brown; \$1.50.
Summer. Edith Wharton. Appleton; \$1.40.
The Prussian Officer and Other Stories. D. H. Lawrence. Huebsch; \$1.50.
Mendel. Gilbert Cannan. Doran; \$1.50.
The Confessions of a Little Man During Great Days. Leonid Andreyev. Knopf; \$1.35.
Regiment of Women. Clemence Dane. Macmillan; \$1.50.
The Ford. Mary Austin. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50.
Thorgils. Maurice Hewlett. Dodd, Mead; \$1.35.
A Soldier of Life. Hugh de Selincourt. Macmillan; \$1.50.
A Man of Athens. Julia D. Dragoumis. Houghton Mifflin; \$1.50.
Philosophy, An Autobiographical Fragment. Henri Wasté. Longmans, Green. \$1.25.
The Druid Path. Marah Ellis Ryan. McClurg; \$1.35.
The Diplomat. Guy Fleming. Longmans, Green, & Co.; \$1.50.

LIGHTER READING.

- The Balance**. Francis R. Bellamy. Doubleday, Page; \$1.35.
The Wave. Algernon Blackwood. Dutton; \$1.50.
The Girl. Katherine Keith. Holt; \$1.25.
I, Mary MacLane. Mary MacLane. Stokes; \$1.40.
In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens. Stokes; \$1.50.

NEW BOOKS

Aristodemocracy

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Just Ready

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By SERGE AKSAKOFF. Translated from the Russian
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This is Aksakoff's most famous book; and the portrait of his grandfather, Stepan Mikhailovitch, the most formidable and most lovable of men, is the finest in his whole gallery. The minute account of Russian life in the days of the Empress Catherine is priceless to the historian; and the dramatic skill and human interest of the narrative have fascinated Russian readers for sixty years past.

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JAN SMUTS: Being a Character Sketch of
Gen. the Hon. J. C. Smuts, F.C.,
K.C., M.L.A., Minister of Defense, Union of South
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Longmans, Green, & Co.
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Florence Morse Kingsley. Appleton; \$1.50.

This is the End. Stella Benson. Macmillan; \$1.35.

Echo of Voices. Richard Curle. Knopf; \$1.50.

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nard; \$1.50.

Backwater. Dorothy Richardson. Knopf; \$1.50.

Those Fittsbergers. Helen R. Martin. Doubleday,
Page; \$1.35.

The Hiding Places. Allen French. Scribner's; \$1.35.

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nam's; \$1.50.

The Dancing Hours. Harold Ohlson. Lane; \$1.25.

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NOTES FOR BIBLIOPHILES

[Inquiries or contributions to this department should be addressed to John E. Robinson, the Editor, who will be pleased to render to readers such services as are possible.]

The collection of original autograph dispatches of General U. S. Grant, during the Wilderness campaign, 1864-5, for the capture of Richmond, embracing nearly five hundred dispatches to President Lincoln, to Secretary of War Stanton, to Secretary of the Navy Welles, and to his generals, was sold on the afternoon of June 8 by Stan. V. Henkels, 1304 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. The collection was kept together by Major George Keller Leet, who held that rank in the regular army with brevet lieutenant-colonel. He was in charge of the headquarters in Washington during the time that General Grant was at City Point, Va., which was his headquarters during the campaign. Major Leet was a member of his staff. The dispatches had been in the possession of the family ever since and were sold by order of his son, Grant Leet.

"I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," were the words which General Grant used when about to enter on the Wilderness campaign. The dispatches, which are, with a very few exceptions, virtually full autograph letters signed by him, are the originals handed to his Aide-de-Camp for the purpose of transmitting them by wire to the persons indicated. They are written in terse, vigorous language, in a fine, clear hand. The most momentous questions are decided with the same certain, calm, quick judgment as are those of minor importance. His personal interest in his commanders and lesser officers and the sympathy between himself and President Lincoln are vividly revealed. Leaving City Point in pursuit of General Lee, after the evacuation of Richmond, we find Grant moving swiftly from place to place, at

times pencilling his orders on "scraps of paper." All dispatches are in excellent condition and the collection was one of the most remarkable of Civil War material ever offered. Few erasures or changes of any kind appear. If Grant needed any vindication of his ability as a general, the material in this collection performs that service. At one moment he is communicating with the Secretary of War with reference to necessary military placements in the Valley of the Shenandoah; the next moment he is asking reinforcements for the Army of the West and wants to know the names of commanders and corps with Sherman in his march through Georgia. Mr. Henkels says of the collection:

These dispatches, many of them written during the turmoil of strife, naturally indicate the character of the man. When they relate to the enemy no vindictiveness is shown, no exultation over success, only kindly feelings expressed toward all, insisting on proper performance of duty by his generals, reproving their seeming deficiencies in carrying out orders by putting them in other places more fitting to their abilities, upholding his agreements with the enemy in relation to the exchange of prisoners, scolding the Federal authorities when his orders in this respect were not carried out, receiving emissaries from the enemy with courtesy and kindness. These traits in his character are so forcibly portrayed in these dispatches that it is no wonder he won the love and respect not only of his own army, but that of the enemy, who laid down their arms before him on the field at Appomattox. By those traits he proved that a man can be a soldier, and at the same time have a feeling of brotherly love for his fellow-men, even if opposed to him in arms.

A dispatch, dated July 16, 1864, to Major-General Halleck, Washington, D. C., shows the precaution Grant took to prevent the Confederate forces under Early and others from invading that city. In a dispatch to Major General Ord, August 25, 1864, he says:

I have just received the dispatch to General Pickett, which was intercepted by our Signal Officers (with reference to the mine to be exploded at Petersburg). If there is to be any blowing up it will probably be in front of the 18th corps [which Ord commanded]. The men who are likely to be exposed however ought to be notified so they will not be stampeded. If we can be on our guard when a mine is sprung the enemy ought to be repulsed with great slaughter. When do you understand from the dispatch the explosion was to take place?

On November 30, 1864, he wires Major-General Butler:

I have files of Savannah and Augusta papers sent me by Col. Mulford from which I gather that Bragg has gone to Georgia, taking with him what I judge to be most of the forces from about Wilmington. It is therefore important that Weitzel should get off during his absence, and, if successful in effecting landing, he may, by a bold dash, also succeed in capturing Wilmington. Make all the arrangement for his departure so that the Navy will not be detained one moment for the Army. Did you order Palmer to make move proposed yesterday? It is important that he should do so without delay.

He says to Major-General Halleck on December 8, 1864:

Please direct General Dodge to send all the troops he can spare to Gen. Thomas. With such an order

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and others that it is "The biggest story in years."

New York Tribune says: "A big story about a big man, who did big things in a big way."

Boston Herald:—"Miss Sterne's story has the appeal of its hero's powerful personality."

Philadelphia North American:—"All play their parts well so that when the final curtain falls there is nothing more to be said or thought."

Richmond Dispatch:—"A story of the masses and the classes—the kind that keeps the world from going back."

New York World:—"This author has written a story vividly and richly human and completely convincing, revealing in herself 'Big Bill's' own power to reach the goal of purpose."

Pittsburgh Press:—"One is awed by the bigness and vitality of this book which fairly shakes with power. It is the best novel in years."

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he may be relied on to send all that can properly go. They had probably better be sent to Louisville, for I fear either Hood or Breckenridge will get into the Ohio river. I will submit whether it is not advisable to call on Ohio, Iowa and Illinois for sixty thousand men for thirty days. If Thomas has not struck yet he ought to be ordered to hand over his command to Schofield. There is no better man to repel an attack than Thomas, but I fear he is too cautious to ever take the initiative.

He wires as follows on March 2, 1865, to Secretary Stanton:

My dispatch of this afternoon answers yours of 9.30 this evening. I do not think it possible for Lee to send anything towards Washington unless it should be a brigade of Cavalry. Augur's returns show a good force of cavalry to meet anything of the kind, besides a large infantry force. The great number of deserters and refugees coming in daily enable us to learn if any considerable force starts off almost immediately as soon as it starts. Except in the neighborhood of Stanton there is not now North of the Chickahominy 5,000 rebel soldiers, including all the guards on the Central Railroad. I have not sent a force to the Rappahannock, but shall do so as soon as possible.

Mr. Henkels also sold on the evening of June 8 a collection of important autographs, including rare letters and documents relating to Charles I., the Regicides, and other important characters of that time; a fine series of letters from Colonel John Trumbull with regard to his painting at the National Capital and to his estate; a series of pathetic letters from Robert Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, to John Nicholson during his financial difficulty; documents signed by Lincoln and Franklin.

There was also the autograph manuscript, signed by Samuel F. Smith, of the song "America." It consisted of the five stanzas complete, including the lines about this country's one hundred years. A letter of the author, which accompanied the song, denied the generally accepted statement that he received money for copies of it. "I have never under any circumstances," he says, "received pay for autographs of 'America,' though I have written many for benevolent causes. I take pleasure in aiding your good designs by sending two copies of the song." Another interesting item was a lock of John Milton's hair, in an old black and ornolu miniature frame. The vendor was Miss Martineau, of Fairlight Lodge, Hastings. She is the great granddaughter of Dr. Robert Batty, of the "European Magazine," who died in 1859. He obtained the lock of hair from John Harte, Dr. Samuel Johnson's executor. Before Johnson acquired it, Joseph Addison is supposed to have been the owner, but it is on record that Johnson took a great interest in Milton's surviving daughter, and composed a prologue recited by David Garrick at a benefit arranged for her. It is possible, therefore, that Johnson obtained it from her. Dr. Batty gave a portion of the hair to Leigh Hunt, who shared it with Robert Browning. The remainder had been at Fairlight Lodge ever since. The poem by John Keats was written after seeing the lock at Leigh Hunt's house. The Milton-Browning lock was sold at the Coggeshall sale in New York, June 15, 1916.

NOTES AND NEWS

THE DIAL takes pleasure in announcing that, with the present issue, Mr. John Macy and Mr. Conrad Aiken join its staff as Contributing Editors. Mr. Macy was graduated from Harvard in 1899. After a period of teaching, he served on the staff of "The Youth's Companion," and was for two years literary editor of the Boston "Herald." He is the author of a "Life of Poe," "The Spirit of American Literature," and "Socialism in America." Mr. Aiken attracted the attention of discriminating readers with his first book of verse, "Earth Triumphant, and Other Tales," published two years after he left Harvard. He has since published a second book of poetry and is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

Of the contributors to the present issue, S. Griswold Morley is a teacher at the University of California.

Max Sylvius Handman was formerly a member of the Department of Sociology at the University of Chicago and the University of Missouri. He was educated at Columbia and abroad, and he has had the benefit of long association with Professor Veblen.

M. C. Otto is a teacher of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

Harold J. Laski is well known to readers of THE DIAL.

Garland Greever is associate professor of English at Indiana State University.

Ward Swain is a teacher of French at Wabash College. He was educated at Columbia and at the University of Paris.

Frederic Austin Ogg is associate professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin. He is the author of "Social Progress in Modern Europe," "Social and Industrial History of Europe since the French Revolution," "Governments of Europe," etc.

A new novel by William J. Locke, entitled "The Red Planet," is announced by the John Lane Co. for publication July 6th.

The letters which comprise "War Flying," just published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, were written by a young pilot in the Royal Flying Corps to his family.

Robert J. Shores, the New York publisher, has organized a committee of publishers to contribute books and magazines through the American Red Cross to American soldiers in camp.

Simultaneously with the publication of the Northland Edition of Selma Lagerlöf's works, Doubleday, Page & Co. have published a brochure entitled: "Selma Lagerlöf, the Woman, Her Work, Her Message."

Captain Thomas Arthur Nelson, senior member of the firm of Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York, London, Edinburgh, and Paris, was killed by shell fire about the middle of April while on special service on the Western front with the tanks.

A book for the hammock



Gossamer? Yes—but who wants woollens in summer?

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Paul Claudel, the French poet, whose "East I Know" was translated by Mr. and Mrs. Benét and his "Tidings Brought to Mary," by Louise Morgan Sill (Yale University Press), has been appointed Plenipotentiary Minister of France to Brazil.

The Marshall Jones Co. have just received word that the Eddie volume of "The Mythology of All Races," which was nearly completed by Professor Axel Olrik of Copenhagen at the time of his death in February, is now almost entirely arranged for.

Harry Houston Peekham and Paul Sidell, instructors in English at Purdue University, have compiled a conveniently annotated list of American Fiction. The list is divided into two parts, covering the periods from the beginnings to 1870 and from that date to the present.

Fleet Street is brought up to date in "The Street of Ink," just published by Funk & Wagnalls. The author is H. Simonds, the director of the London "Daily News" and "The Star," who has been intimately associated with the London newspaper world for twenty-one years.

Several of the plays produced by Stuart Walker's "Portmanteau Theatre" have been collected in "Portmanteau Plays," just published by the Stewart & Kidd Co. The plays included are: "Trimplet," "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," "Nevertheless," and "Medicine-Show." The volume contains an introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt.

Instead of publishing the usual annual cumulation of the monthly issues of "The Open Shelf," the Cleveland Public Library has this year substituted a number of slips, folders, and leaflets, each one containing a limited selection from the "best" books in some one class added to the library during 1916. There are nineteen varieties of these annotated lists.

Harry A. Franck, author of "Four Months Afoot in Spain," "Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala and Honduras," etc., has gone to a Plattsburg camp to train for an officers' commission. His new book, "Vagabonding Down the Andes," is announced by the Century Co. for publication next fall.

Late June publications by Little, Brown & Co. are: "Constitutional Conventions: Their Nature, Powers and Limitations," by Roger Sherman Hoar; "Food Preparedness for the United States," by Charles O'Brien, and a new revised edition of "The American Dramatist," by Montrose J. Moses.

"Seneca's Morals," the first book published by Harper & Brothers, is soon to be republished in a limited edition. The first and last page of each section of the old edition will be reproduced in facsimile, together with numerous other pages which show typographical variations from present-day taste and methods. In each case these pages will face the newly set pages containing the same matter. The format has been selected by William Dana Orcutt, who will also design a special binding.

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608 South Dearborn Street, Chicago
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[The following list, containing 114 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

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The Life of Robert Hale. By Edgar F. Smith. Illustrated. 8vo, 508 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co. Boxed. \$5.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

What Is Man? and Other Essays. By Mark Twain. Illustrated, 12mo, 376 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$1.75.
Old English Scholarship in England from 1566-1800. By Eleanor N. Adams. 8vo, 209 pages. Yale University Press. \$2.
The Street of Ink. By H. Simons. Illustrated. 8vo, 372 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$3.
Junius Finally Discovered. By William H. Graves. 10mo, 193 pages. Published by the author. Birmingham, Ala.
Human Ideals. By Frederick A. M. Spencer. 8vo, 280 pages. T. Fisher Unwin, London. 6s.

FICTION.

The Created Legend. By Feodor Sologub. 12mo, 319 pages. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.35.
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